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COREA AND HER NEIGHBOURS.

BY THE REV. JAMES COOKE SEYMOUR.

COREAN MANDARIN.

The Old World, in its remotest regions, has suddenly become the newest of the new. Western eyes are turned to the land of Sinim with an eagerness unknown before in the history of mankind. The future of Japan—the Rising Star of the East—the fate of China—that strange and unwieldy agglomeration of humanity—the relation of Western civilization to these vast regions and peoples, are questions of profound interest to the statesman, the trader, the philanthropist, and above all, to the Christian.

The smallest of these nations is Corea. This country has been hermetically sealed to outside intrusion and investigation until quite recently. But when a woman's curiosity sets to work, even Corean mysteries—what are they? An English lady—Mrs. Isabella Bird-Bishop—a splendid sample of the highest order of intrepid, intelligent, and fair-minded travellers, has made an exceedingly comprehensive investigation of this interesting country and done much to add Corea to the universal brotherhood of nations. Her book, recently published, is full of thrilling interest.*

"In the winter of 1894," she tells us, "when about to sail for Corea, many interested friends hazarded guesses as to where it was—the equator, the Mediterranean, the Black Sea, and a hazy notion that it was somewhere in the Greek Archipelago! It was curious that not one of these educated, and in some cases intelligent people, came within two thousand miles of its actual latitude and longitude!"

Corea is a definite peninsula to the north-east of China, measuring, roughly, 600 miles from north to south, and 135 from east to west. Bounded on the north

* "Corea and Her Neighbours." A Narrative of Travel, With an Account of the Recent Vicissitudes and Present Position of the Country. By Isabella Bird Bishop, F.R.G.S. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell; William Briggs.

and west by the Tumen and Amnok rivers, which divide it from the Russian and Chinese Empires, and by the Yellow Sea—its eastern and southern limit is the Sea of Japan. The coast line is about 1,740 miles, with few good harbours.

"The climate is undoubtedly one of the finest and healthiest in the world. Foreigners are not afflicted by any climatic maladies, and European children can be safely brought up in every part of the peninsula. For nine months of the year the ies are generally bright, and a

COREAN SOLDIERS.

Corean winter is absolutely superb, with its still atmosphere, its bright blue unclouded sky, its extreme dryness without asperity, and its crisp, frosty nights."

The Coreans are quite unlike either the Chinese or Japanese. It is true that the obliquity of the Mongolian eye is always present, as well as a trace of bronze in the skin, but the complexion varies from a swarthy olive to a very light brunette. The usual expression is cheerful, with a dash of puzzlement. They are certainly a handsome race. The foreign teachers bear willing testimony to their mental adroitness and quickness of perception, and their talent for the rapid acquisition of languages, which they speak more fluently and with far better accent than either the Chinese or Japanese.

The language of Corea is mixed. The educated classes speak the Chinese as much as possible, and all the literature of any account is in that language, but it is of an archaic form—the Chinese of one thousand years ago, and differs completely in pronunciation from Chinese as now spoken in China. "En-mun" is the Corean script, but it is utterly despised by the educated. It is the only language of Eastern Asia which possesses an alphabet. For hundreds of years prior to 1895, all official announcements of the Government were in Chinese, but in that year the Corean en-mun began to be used for the first time. Since then the national script has been coming more and more into use, largely through the prominence given to it by the foreign missionaries. This tends not only to strengthen the national feeling but to bring the masses, who can mostly read their own script, into contact with Western science and forms of thought.

Entering Corea at Fusan, which our intrepid traveller describes as much more Japanese than Corean, she passed on to Seoul, the capital. Few cities can boast, as Seoul can, that tigers and leopards are shot within their walls.

"Arid and forbidding as the engirdling mountains look at times, there are evenings of purple glory, when every peak gleams like an amethyst, with a pink translucency, and the shadows are cobalt, and the sky is green and gold.

"Fair are the surroundings, too, in early spring, when a delicate green mist

A MULE LITTER.

veils the hills, and their sides are flushed with the heliotrope azalea, the flame of plum and blush of cherry, and tremulousness of peach-blossom. Looking down on this great city of near a quarter of a million, it has the aspect of an expanse of over-ripe mushrooms. Few Eastern cities have prettier walks and rides in their immediate neighbourhood, or greater possibilities of rapid escape into sylvan solitudes, and ladies without a European escort can ride, as I have done, in every direction, outside the walls, without meeting with the slightest annoyance.

"I shrink from describing intramural Seoul. I thought it the foulest city on earth till I saw Peking and its smells, the most odious till I encountered those of Shao-shing. For a great city and a capital its meanness is indescribable. Etiquette forbids the erection of two-storied houses, consequently the entire population are living on the ground, chiefly in labyrinthine alleys, many of them not wide enough for two loaded bulls to pass, and further narrowed by slimy ditches which receive the refuse of the houses, their fetid margins being the favourite resort of half-naked children, of big, mangy, blear-eyed dogs, which wallow in the slime or blink in the sun."

There, too, the itinerant vendor of small wares puts a few planks across the ditch, establishes himself and his goods, worth in all perhaps a dollar—which in the Corean currency means some 3,200 cash. But if the Corean is not very particular about his filthy surroundings, he is extremely particular about wearing white clothes, and very white and clean at that!

"When I first looked down on Seoul early in March," says Mrs. Bishop, "one street along its whole length appeared to be still encumbered with the drift of the previous winter's snow. It was only by the aid of a glass that I discovered that this is the great promenade, and that the snowdrift was just the garments of the Coreans. Washing is the Corean woman's manifest destiny so long as her lord

wears white. Clothes are boiled with ley three times, rolled into hard bundles, and pounded with heavy sticks on stones. After being dried they are beaten again on cylinders till they attain a polish resembling dull satin. The women are slaves to the laundry, and the only sound which breaks the stillness of a Seoul night is the regular beat of their laundry sticks."

The voracity of the Coreans is extreme. They eat not to satisfy hunger, but to enjoy the sensation

COREAN PEASANT WOMAN.

of repletion. The training for this enjoyment begins at a very early age. A mother feeds her young child with rice, and when it can eat no more in an upright position, lays it on its back on her lap and feeds it again, tapping its stomach from time to time with a flat spoon to ascertain if further cramming is possible.

Much of Mrs. Bishop's journeyings through Corea were among people who had never seen a European woman before. Their curiosity, especially that of the women, was unbounded.

"The women and the children," says Mrs. Bishop, "broke into my room, sat on my bed in heaps, examined my clothing, took out my hair-pins and pulled down my hair, took off my slippers, drew my sleeves up to the elbow, and pinched my arms to see if they were of the same flesh and blood as their own. They investigated my few possessions minutely, trying on my hat and gloves. The pushing and crushing, the odious familiarity, the babel of voices, and the odours of dirty clothing in a temperature of 80°, were intolerable."

In all her extensive travels through Corea and Manchuria, Mrs. Bishop received no serious molestation anywhere. The term "foreign devil," she avers, is sometimes used with the polite prefix of "honourable," especially when everything is well paid for. She took care to keep well within that classification !

The Corean women are absolutely secluded. Silence is regarded as a wife's first duty. Her husband addresses her by the word, "yabu," which means, "look here," which is significant of her relation to him. It is correct for a man to treat his wife with external marks of respect, but he would be an object for scorn and ridicule if he showed her affection, or treated her as a companion. The women's clothes are as dirty as the men's are white.

The Corean peasant woman makes all the clothing of the household, does all the cooking, husks and cleans rice, carries heavy loads to market on her head, draws water, in remote districts works in the field, rises early and takes rest late, spins, weaves, and, as a rule, has many children. At thirty she looks fifty, and at forty is frequently toothless. Even the love of personal adornment fades out of her life at a

CHINESE TRAVELLING CART.

very early age. Daughters have been put to death by their fathers, wives by their husbands, and a serving-woman gave as her reason for remissness in attempting to save her mistress, who perished in a fire, that in the confusion a man had touched the lady, making her not worth saving!

Buddhism is a proscribed religion in Corea, but it has survived in the most romantic mountain recesses, and among these, the far-famed "Diamond Mountain" is the most magnificent of all. Here are forty-five monasteries and monastic shrines.

"On that enchanting May evening, when odours of paradise—the fragrant breath of a million flowery shrubs and trailers, of bursting buds and unfolding ferns, rose into the cool dewy air, and the silence could be felt, I was not inclined to enter a protest against Corean exaggeration on the ground that the number of peaks is probably nearer 1,200 than 12,000. Then yellow granite pinnacles, weathered into silver gray, rose up cold, stern, steely blue, from the glorious forests which drape their lower heights—winter above and summer below—then purpled into red as the sun sank and gleamed above the twilight till each glowing summit died out, as lamps which are extinguished one by one, and the whole took on the ashy hue of death."

As to the moribund Buddhism which has found its most secluded retreat in these mountains, it is overlaid with demonolatry, and, like that of China, is smothered under a host of semi-deified heroes. Of the lofty aims and aspirations after righteousness which distinguish the great reforming sects of Japan—it knows nothing.

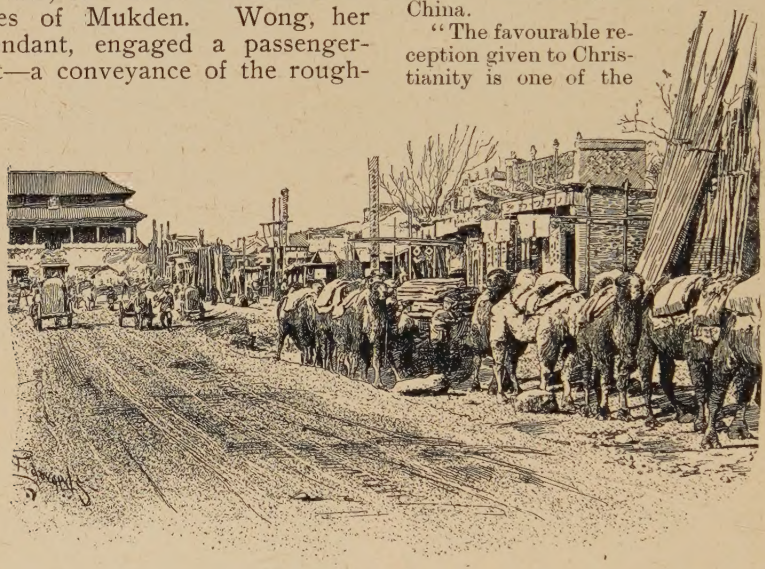
The cloud of impending Japanese war was gathering fast, and Mrs. Bishop found it convenient

to change Corea for Manchuria. Her journey to Mukden, the capital, was on the swollen waters of the river Liau. The inundation had spread far and wide. Large areas of fertile country lay under water. The destruction of life and property had been immense. After a terrible experience of several days, soaked to the skin by rain, she arrived within three miles of Mukden. Wong, her attendant, engaged a passenger-cart—a conveyance of the rough-

But Mukden turned out to be a very interesting city.

"To my thinking," says Mrs. Bishop, "no Chinese city is so agreeable as Mukden. The Tartar capital is free from that atmosphere of decay which broods over Pekin. Its wide streets are comparatively clean. It is regularly built, and its fine residences are well kept up. Near it are the superb tombs of the ancestors of the present Emperor of China.

"The favourable reception given to Christianity is one of the



EAST FLOWERY GATE, PEKIN.

est description, which is only rendered tolerable by having its back, sides, and bottom padded.

"Nothing can exaggerate the horrors of an unameliorated Chinese cart on an infamous road. Down into ruts two feet deep, over hillocks and big gnarled roots, through quagmires and banked ditches—in dread of the awful jerk produced by the mules making a non-simultaneous jump.

"I said to myself 'This is my last hour!'—getting a blow on my head which made me see a shower of sparks, bruised, breathless, and in great pain; the cart turned over, I found myself with the camera on the top of me, my right arm twisted under me, and a Chinese crowd looking at me, curious to see the 'foreign devil.'"

features of Mukden. The Scotch United Presbyterian missionaries, who have been established there for twenty-five years, are on friendly terms with the people and specially with many of the mandarins and higher officials.

"I attribute their friendly relations partly to the fact that the missionaries have studied Chinese customs and etiquette very closely, and are careful to conform to both far as is possible; while they are not only keen-sighted for the good that is in the Chinese, but bring the best out of them. Thus Christianity, divested of the nonchalant or contemptuous isolation by which it is often made repulsive, has made considerable progress not only in the capital but in the province. During the greater part of my long visit there was scarcely a day in which there were not deputations from distant vil-

lages asking for Christian workers, for many who desired further instruction in Christianity."

War was declared on August 1, 1894. As Japan had full command of the sea, all the Chinese troops sent to Corea had to pass through Mukden. They came in thousands, seizing whatever they could get hold of on the march.

"I saw," says Mrs. Bishop, "several regiments of fine physique, without a rifle among them. Some were armed with antique muzzle-loading muskets, very rusty, or with long matchlocks, and some carried only spears or bayonets fixed on red poles. It was nothing but murder to send thousands of men so armed, to meet the Japanese with their deadly Murata rifles."

Our discriminating traveller gives Japan full credit for the real excellence of many of the reforms proposed for Corea. For the whole system of government, she says, was a "sea of corruption without a bottom or shore—an engine of robbery crushing the life out of all industry." But a serious lack of judgment and experience was dangerously visible in some of these "reforms," as for instance, the "Hair-cropping Edict."

The king was compelled to announce in the official Gazette "that he had cut off his top-knot," and called on all his subjects to follow his example and "identify themselves with the spirit of progress, and thus place his country on a footing with the other nations of the world!"

The whole nation was furious. "The 'top-knots' came off the chief ministers when they appeared on the streets, and their heads as well."

Mrs. Bishop next visited Vladivostok.

"There is nothing," she says, "Asiatic about the aspect of the Russian capital on the Pacific. Indeed, it is transatlantic rather than European. The site in 1860 was a forest. In 1797 it had a civil population of 25,000. As the eastern terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway, Vladivostock aspires to be what she surely will be—at once the Gibraltar and Odessa of the Far East—one of the most important of emporiums for the commerce of that vast area of prolific country which lies south of the Amoor."

Mrs. Bishop pays a generous tribute to the mission of Russian civilization in these distant regions, as far as it is capable of going. She is quite emphatic in her praise of the Trans-Siberian Railway, which for solidity of construction, and general excellence of all kinds, she thinks, will compare favourably with any other railway in the world.

Returning to Corea, our persistent traveller had the honour of more than one interview with the king and queen. Indeed, she seems to have become a great favourite with their Majesties. The king asked her many questions regarding British ideas and practices of government, and on one occasion remarked, "England is our best friend."

The queen spoke of Queen Victoria, and said, "She has everything that she can wish—greatness, wealth, power. Her sons and grandsons are kings and emperors, and her daughters empresses. Does she ever in her glory think of poor Corea? We wish her long life and prosperity."

Not long after, the queen was assassinated in her own palace, chiefly through the plottings of the Tai-won-Kun, who has been described as the "wickedest man on earth."

Strange indeed is the religion of Corea. There are neither priests nor temples nor idols; an absence of religious ceremonials and sacred books, and nothing to show that religion has any hold on the popular mind. But there is a popular cult for all that—Shamanism, or

demon-worship. In Corean belief, earth, air and sea are peopled by demons. They haunt every umbrageous tree, shady ravine, crystal spring, and mountain crest. They are on every roof, ceiling, fireplace and beam. They fill the chimney, the shed, the living-room, the kitchen—they are on every shelf and jar. In thousands they waylay the traveller as he leaves home, beside him, behind him, dancing in front of him, whirling over his head, crying out upon him from earth, air and water. They are numbered by thousands of billions, and it has been well said that their ubiquity is an unholy travesty of the Divine omnipresence.

This belief—and it seems to be the only one he has—keeps the Corean in a perpetual state of nervous apprehension, and it may be truly said of him that he "passes the time of his sojourning here in fear."

These legions of spirits are of two classes. The first are the self-existing spirits, whose designs are always malignant, and spirits of departed persons, who, having died in poverty and manifold distresses, bring untold calamities on mankind.

The second class consists also of self-existent spirits, whose natures are partly kindly, and of departed spirits of prosperous and good people, but even these are easily offended and act with extraordinary capriciousness.

These latter, however, by due intercessions and offerings may be induced to assist man in obtaining his desires and may aid him to escape from the afflictive power of the evil demons. The comfort and prosperity of every individual depends on his ability to win and keep the favour of the latter class.

CHINESE SEDAN CHAIR.

Coreans attribute every ill by which they are afflicted to demoniacal influence. The Shaman is the demon-exorcist or priest. His influence is as great as his fees are high. Shamanism costs Corea $2,500,000 annually. The Shaman as a rule is the man-exorcist, but his influence is far exceeded by the Mutang, the woman-exorcists, who are very much more numerous.

Regarding Christian missions, Mrs. Bishop says :

"A longer and more intimate acquaintance only confirmed the high opinion I early formed of the large body of missionaries in Seoul, of their earnestness and devotion to their work, of the energetic, hopeful, patient spirit in which it is carried on, of the harmony prevailing among different denominations, and the cordial and sympathetic feeling towards the Coreans. An elderly man who had made a good living by sorcery came and gave up the instruments of his trade, saying he "had served devils all his life, but now he was serving the true God.

"One old Corean with his forehead in the dust, prayed like a child, that the eyes of the foreigners might be opened "to see the sore need of people in a land where no one knows anything, and where all believe in devils, and are dying in the dark.

"As I looked upon those lighted faces," continues Mrs. Bishop, "wearing an expression strongly contrasting with the dull, dazed look of the ordinary Corean, it was impossible not to recognize that it was the teaching of the Apostolic doctrines of sin, judgment to come, and divine love, which had brought about such results."

Yes, there is hope—grand hope—even for Corea, in the Gospel of Christ, which is the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Paisley, Ont.

CHRISTMAS MEMORIES.

O day of gladness, day of joy divine,
What part in thee have I, since all my light
Is faded into shadow? Joy is thine,
But mine is sorrow; and too dim my sight
Has grown for Christmas sunshine; give to me
But memory.
Thoughts dear of other days within my heart
Hold me apart.
I cannot bless this Christmas day, so fast
The tears come—all my blessing is the past.

Poor aching heart, poor tired eyes, that see
Only the empty chair, the vacant place!
Poor human longing for what cannot be—
The voice grown silent, the beloved face!
Love knows—love knows!—but yet, believe me, dear,
You need not fear
The Christmas brightness; tears but clear the eyes,
And, grown more wise,
The soul looks forth with added power to bless—
The power of a deeper tenderness.

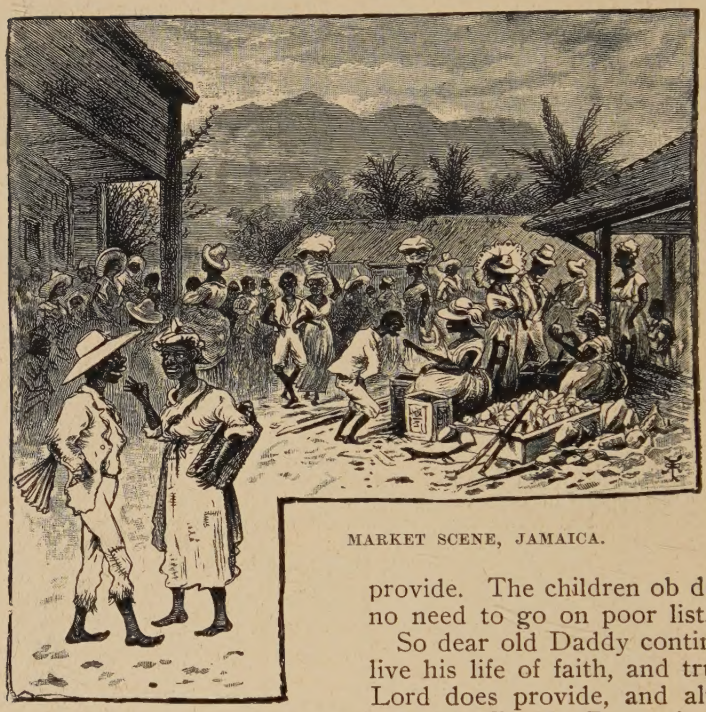
Gladness is not the mark of empty hearts,
Nor grief of full ones; neither is there strife
'Twixt joy and sorrow; each to each imparts
New meaning, children of one mother—life.
O troubled soul, unconscious of thy strength,
Behold at length,
From out the very depths of shadow shines
This truth divine,
That of one spirit is our loss and gain,
Our deepest comfort and our deepest pain!

The empty joy is that which knows not grief;
The empty grief is that which gladness fears;
Of sorrow and of joy is born belief,
And blessed is the smile that breaks through tears.
Then let the holly mingle with the yew,
Dear heart and true,
For unto God there is nor first nor last—
Love knows no past.
With steadfast gaze He looks on hopes and fears,
And gathers to His feet the passing years.

—*Averic Standish Francis, in "The Outlook."*

SNAP SHOTS FROM JAMAICA.

BY MRS. E. H. M'KILLOP.



MARKET SCENE, JAMAICA.

"Good morning, daddy! How do you feel to-day?"

"Oh, massa! I bless de Lord for dis morning. Tank de Lord I feel a leetle so-so."

"Well, daddy, do you know I have been thinking I would write and see if I could get your name placed on the poor list."

Daddy is an old ex-slave. He was, as he puts it, quite ripe (old) when free come (1837). His hair is quite white, and he is too infirm for any sort of work. He is all alone in the world, and lives in a little tumble-down hut, built of banana leaves, cocoanut boughs, etc. As we make this suggestion, a look of pride steals into his still bright eyes, as he says:

"No, massa! De Lord will provide. The children ob de King no need to go on poor list."

So dear old Daddy continues to live his life of faith, and truly the Lord does provide, and although not rich, Daddy B—— is always happy and contented, and his bread and his water (even in time of drought) is, according to promise, sure.

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The banns have been duly published, as a marriage license in Jamaica costs £5—a luxury very seldom indulged in. The bride has at last completed her extensive, and in many cases very expensive, toilet. It is true that the new shoes, probably a size too small, are most uncomfortable, so much so, that sometimes, in the midst of the ceremony, the husband-elect must let nature have her accustomed sway, and gracefully (?) stooping down he pulls off the shoes of his expectant bride. The artificial flowers look strangely out

of place, when roses, hibiscus, orchids, etc., can be had gratis, but still it is the fashion, and even in Jamaica everything must bend to that exacting monster. The couple have been living together in sin for perhaps five or ten years. In all probability there is a large family of children at home. Nevertheless, they must have all the pomp, etc., of an ordinary wedding. A grand feast follows the ceremony, and then a promenade through the nearest village, of all the invited guests, headed by the newly-made bride and bridegroom.

It is not considered the correct thing for them to appear at church on the first Sunday—but the following week, arrayed in all their wedding grandeur, and much to the discomfiture of the unfortunate minister, whose voice is almost drowned by the loud squeaking of their boots (an exorbitant price being willingly paid for a special guarantee of their squeaking powers), they attend church for the purpose of "turning thanks." We did not quite understand this expression, and on one occasion ventured to ask, "Turn thanks for what?" to which we received the intelligent answer, "Don't know, missus, just 'turn tanks.'" On their return from church the last bottle of wine and the remainder of the wedding cake are partaken of, and the festivities, and, alas, too often, the joy and happiness as well, are at an end.

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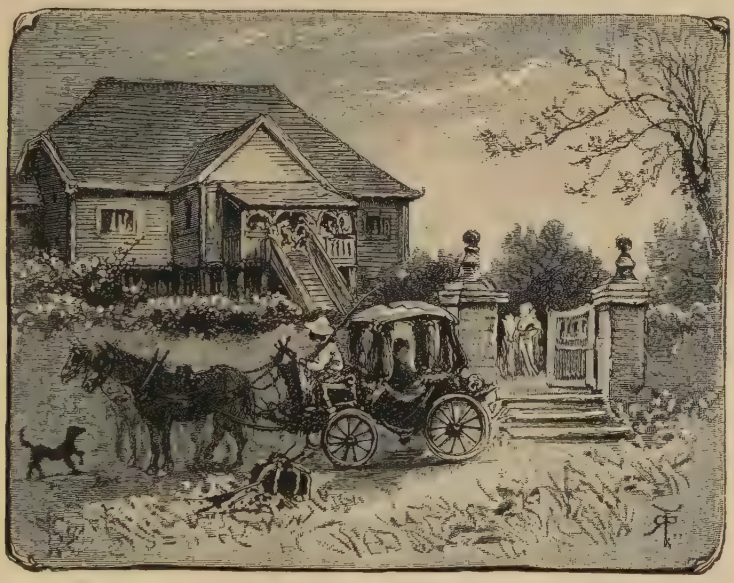
Not long ago, while riding through one of our mountain districts, we met a woman carrying a small child. We gave her the usual salutation,

"Morning, missus, how you do?"

"I quite hearty, tank you, but de pickaninny, him"—they pay no attention to gender—"bad for true, him have de whooping cough."

We invited her down to the mission house, and, to the best of our ability, prescribed for the little one. A few days afterwards we learned, "him was much better."



PLANTER'S HOUSE, JAMAICA.

We flattered ourselves that our medicine had been effective. Imagine our horror when we discovered to what she attributed the cure. Some neighbours had suggested that the best remedy for whooping cough was a boiled rat. She accordingly prepared this appetizing morsel, hence the speedy recovery of her child. In this case the cure was without doubt worse than the disease.

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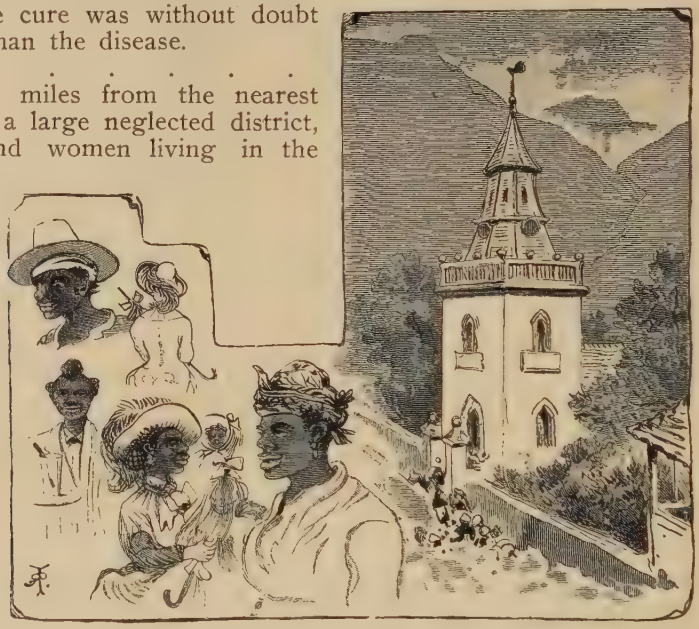
Seven miles from the nearest church, a large neglected district, men and women living in the grossest sin, children growing up in ignorance and vice. Surely this was a Macedonian call. Dare we turn a deaf ear? A meeting is arranged, and, as no building is available, a rough booth, composed chiefly of banana leaves, cocoanut boughs, etc., is quickly thrown up. As we are driving along the road the bushes part, and a pickaninny, clothed in nature's garb, darts past us like a frightened deer. An enthusiastic crowd has gathered to welcome us, and once more we tell the old, old story.

Our next move must be a permanent building, for this booth will not stand the test of our Jamaica rains. The people are very poor, but willing. So free labour gangs are organized, and the work goes on merrily. But you know, "Money makes the world go round." Some of our Canadian friends have already had a share in this work, but there is still room for you. One morning, while superintending the building operations, a man and his wife came up eagerly, and said,



NATIVE TYPES, SPANISH TOWN, JAMAICA.

"Minister, when you get the church finished, the missus and me is going to present ourselves to de Lord."

"But why wait till then?"

"Well, minister, would you like us to do it next Sunday?"

"But you know life is uncertain, why wait a week?"

"Well, minister, would you like us to do it now, 'cause we's ready," and together they kneel down, and give themselves to Him who said, "Except ye be converted, and be-

come as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

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A wretched hovel, possibly 9 x 9. For years the father and mother—we almost shrink from using these sacred words—have been living in sin, six of their seven children having been born in illegitimacy. The baby, probably about three months old, is pale and sickly; apparently death has already set its seal upon it. The poor woman, almost destitute of clothing, is truly an object of the greatest misery. What did we think was the matter with the child? We had already surmised, but our worst fears were realized, when, drawing up close to her, she whispered, "Minister, I'm starving, but, oh! don't tell B——, he beat me last night," and the poor woman trembled at the thought of a repetition of such brutal treatment. What could we do? A little temporary aid, but it is only a drop in the bucket. This is only one of almost countless cases. One's sympathies are sorely taxed, and we earnestly long for a pocket to which there should be no bottom.

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"Beware of Peggs and other dangers." This danger signal, occupying a prominent place on one of our country roads, was certainly startling, and at the same time mystifying. We looked for an interpreter, although we have since become quite accustomed to these striking but most effective sign boards. The natives are firm believers in the truth of the old proverb—"Stolen fruits are sweet." The poor man plants his yams, watches with satisfaction their rapid growth, and his mouth waters at the thought of the feast he is soon to have—yam and saltine—salt fish—which in his mind constitute a dish fit for a king. But, alas, when he goes to dig his treasures, he finds that some one has preceded him, and he has "nothing but leaves." Strong measures, he argues, must be resorted to, and so, sharpening a stick, he dips it in some vegetable of poison, and places it in his provision ground, and the unfortunate yam stealer gets more than he bargained for, though perhaps not more than he deserves. This wound festers, and becomes very painful, often developing into a chronic sore. The law forbids this inhuman practice, unless due warning is given. Hence these strangely written and incorrectly spelled sign boards so common in our country districts.

CHURCH, SPANISH TOWN, JAMAICA.

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The discovery that the thermometer is standing at 100 degrees in the shade may have the effect of making one perspire more freely, and long more earnestly for

the twenty degrees below zero days of our Canadian winters. Still, in Jamaica, one must have a thermometer, even if it is for nothing more than keeping a record to send to our friends at home, and thus enlist a little sympathy for the poor, half-scorched missionaries. We have just invested in one, and called our old black servant, commonly called "Musie," to admire our new treasure. She carefully surveyed it, without daring to touch it, as she was firmly convinced that there was something of the duppy (evil spirit) connected with this mysterious looking object.

MOONLIGHT BIT, JAMAICA.

"Well, Musie," we queried, "do you know what that is?"

"Yes, minister, dat's what dey calls 'plans up'"—we cannot vouch for the spelling of the last word, as it does not appear in the latest dictionary—"all 'buckra' (white man) houses have dem. You see, minister," she continued, "it's dis way. If anybody teef anything out ob you yard, you just go and look on dis ting, and him tell you who de teef be."

Truly this was a new use for thermometers, as we had been hitherto unaware of its detective qualities. It would have been greatly to our advantage not to have disabused our old Musie's mind on this idea, as many of the negroes are not, strictly speaking, too honest. Still, we felt we could not justly trade on her simplicity, so did our best to persuade her that it could tell no tales except on the weather. Whether she was convinced on this point or not we cannot say. But we always noticed that Musie, as well as a large majority of our natives, preferred to keep at a respectable distance from our "plans up."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

BY AMY PARKINSON.

Rays from heaven, earth's darkness rending;
Forms celestial, earthward wending;
Shepherd-watchers, awestruck bending,—
  And (how marvellous the sound!)
Angel-tones in proclamation:
"Lo! this day hath brought salvation
For each soul of every nation
  In the wide world's circuit found."

Then a burst of rapturous singing,
Earth with heavenly music ringing,
Praise to God ecstatic bringing
  For the unexampled love
That hath sent His Son from glory.
Oh, the wondrous, wondrous story!
Ever new, though ages hoary
  Do in long succession move.

Toronto.

THE TEMPER OF A SAINT.—THE WIT AND HUMOUR OF JOHN WESLEY.

BY THE REV. W. H. ADAMS.

We are all of the earth, earthy. But there is earth and earth. You never mistake a vessel of crown china for a drain pipe. It was a hundred and twenty-two pounds of pretty choice material that was wrought into the trim and compact little figure, with the benevolent eye and the dimpled chin, that men once called John Wesley. The son of a hundred high-bred English families, there was nothing about him coarse or common. If the self-made scion of an uncultured stock reflects his lineage—

> "Rich, honoured, titled, he betrays his race
> By this one mark, he's awkward in the face,"—

it is equally certain that the gentle shows his cultured lineage.

By the law of heredity, Wesley was endowed with a presence, tone, and feeling that ranked him with the elite, the intellectual, and refined. And they were ready to accord him his position. It was, therefore, a pure and purposeful philanthropy that led him to waive his rights, repel his natural instincts, and expose himself to brickbats and to calumny.

"The devil does not like street-preaching. No more do I," he said. "I like a soft cushion and a handsome pulpit." Yet he betook himself to the highways and the fields. And, after all, did he not have his reward? Could any bliss approach that with which he often led those worshipping multitudes in the truly apposite and triumphant song,

> "Break forth into singing, ye trees of the wood,
> For Jesus is bringing lost sinners to God."

We are accustomed to hear much of Wesley as an ecclesiastical statesman, scholar, poet, theologian and divine. In these combined capacities his influence has been potent and wide-spread, and his strong hand is felt to-day the whole world round. But comparatively little is said of him as a man. Yet it is possible for us to know him better than did some of his contemporaries—and it is superfluous to remark that he is well worth knowing.

Dr. Johnson, the intellectual giant, once said to Wesley's sister: "I could talk all day and all night with your brother, madam," and to Boswell he complained because Wesley was "never at leisure; he is always obliged to go at a certain hour, and this is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have his talk out as I do." To-day, however, we can keep the good man with us as long as we desire him; he comes at our bidding; he even awaits our call. We have him in his "Journal"* and his works;—not a thing antique and curious, sans life, sans soul, sans blood, sans everything; but a large-hearted and genial brother-man; whose quick wit, sound sense, and perennial good-humour, allied with his complete devotion to the cause of God and of humanity, are eminently helpful, invigorating, and inspiring.

"Tommy," said Wesley once, addressing a friend in the familiar

* "The three greatest, because the three most formative and powerful books produced by Englishmen during the last three centuries, are George Fox's 'Journal,' Wesley's 'Journal,'" and Newman's 'Apologia,' but the greatest of these three is Wesley's 'Journal.'"—Hugh Price Hughes, in a speech delivered in London last spring.

manner which this dignified little man sometimes assumed toward those he loved,* "touch that dock." The itinerant did so. "Do you feel anything?" he asked. "No," replied his friend. "Touch that," continued Wesley, pointing to a nettle. His companion did so and was stung. "Now, Tommy," remarked Wesley, "some men are like docks; say what you will to them, they are stupid and insensible. Others are like nettles; touch them and they resent it. Tommy, you are a nettle; and for my part I would rather have to do with a nettle than a dock."

The story is significant. Wesley was a quick-tempered man, who had learned that anger, like fire, is a good servant, though a bad master. He never cherished resentment toward anybody; but, when he was put on the defensive, his ever good-natured warmth lent a piquancy to his writings which make them much easier of digestion than the lumbering lucubrations of a Dr. Dry-as-dust or a Professor Ponderous. Some of his pages, indeed, are all alive, and at points they fairly bristle. He had no love of controversy, but was often driven to it—sometimes by indignation at men's theological vagaries—sometimes by the reflection that silence might seem guilt whenever he was charged with base designs, or his people with a blind infatuation. And he was a capable controversialist, well able to defend himself and them.

A clergyman who accused him not only of making profit out of his evangelistic labours, but of gaining honour, too, was favoured with this crisp and canny answer :

"But 'the honour' I gain, you think, is even 'greater than the profit.' Alas, sir, I have not generosity enough to relish it. I was always of Juvenal's mind,—

'Gloria quantalibet, quid erit, si gloria tantum est?'

And especially while there are so many drawbacks, so many dead flies in the pot of ointment. Sheer honour might taste tolerably well. But there is gall with the honey, and less of the honey than the gall. Pray, sir, what think you? Have I more honour or dishonour? Do more people praise or blame me? . . . Where you hear one commend do not ten cry out, 'Away with such a fellow from the earth'?

"Above all, I do not love honour with dry blows. I do not find that it will cure broken bones. But perhaps you may think I glory in these. O how should I have gloried then if your good friends at Dant's-bridge had burnt my person instead of my effigy! . . I should rather leave you the honour and myself sleep in a whole skin."

Wesley's alleged love of filthy lucre was a subject with which he was often compelled to deal. To the scurrilous author of "Methodism Examined and Exposed," in which this old charge had been revamped, he wrote :

"I am almost ashamed (having done it twenty times before) to answer this stale calumny again. But the bold, frontless manner wherein you advance it, obliges me so to do. Know then, sir, that you have no authority, either from Scripture or reason, to judge of other men by yourself. If your own conscience convicts you of loving money, of 'casting a sheep's eye at the unrighteous mammon,' humble yourself before God, if haply the thoughts and desires of your heart may be forgiven you. But, blessed be God, my conscience is clear. My heart does not condemn me in this matter. I know, and God knoweth, that I have no desire to load myself with thick clay; that I love money no more than I love mire in the streets; that I seek it not. And I have it not, any more than suffices for food and raiment, for the plain conveniences of life. I pay no court to it at all, or to those that have it, either with cunning or without.

"For myself, for my own sake, I raise no contributions either great or small. The weekly contributions of our community (which are freely given, not squeezed out of any), as well as the gifts and offerings at the Lord's table, never come into my hands. I have no concern

*E.g., "Jemmy;" "Billy"; "Neddy"; "Franky" (Bishop Asbury). Wesley had been known as "Jackey" in the old home at Epworth.

with them, not so much as the beholding them with my eyes. They are received every week by the stewards of the Societies, men of well-known character in the world; and by them constantly distributed, within the week, to those whom they know to be in real necessity.

"As to the 'very large oblations wherewith I am favoured by persons of better figure and fortune,' I know nothing of them. Be so kind as to refresh my memory by mentioning a few of their names. I have the happiness of knowing some of great figure and fortune; some right honourable persons. But if I were to say that all of them together had given me seven pounds in seven years, I should say more than I could make good. And yet I doubt not they would freely give me anything I wanted; but, by the blessing of God, I want nothing that they can give. I want only more of the Spirit of love and power, and of a healthful mind. As to those 'many believing wives who practice pious frauds on their unbelieving husbands,' I know them not, no, not one of that kind; therefore I doubt the fact. If you know any such, be pleased to give us their names and places of abode. Otherwise you must bear the blame of being a lover, if not the maker, of a lie."

Surely that charge was neatly demolished! Let us turn now to another. Wesley could not bear to be denominated an enthusiast. It stung him to the quick. He was constitutionally so formed that from his very childhood he must have "the reason" for everything. He had taught logic in Oxford; had a penchant for the syllogism; and for years had been Moderator at the disputations which were held six times a week at Lincoln College. He emphatically claimed to "talk common sense, in both prose and verse, and to use no word but with a fixed and determinate meaning." It was particularly exasperating, therefore, for one of his mental habits, to be accused of impious actions and of mad-cap extravagances, as he often was. There is a snap and directness in the subjoined deliverance on this score; and it is typical of the rest:

"Allied to this is the threadbare charge of enthusiasm, with which you frequently and largely compliment us. But as it is asserted only and not proved, it falls to the ground of itself. Meantime, your asserting it is plain proof that you know nothing of the men you talk of. Because you know them not, you so boldly say, 'One advantage we have over them, and that is reason.' Nay, that is the very question. I appeal to all mankind whether you have have it or no. However, you are sure we have it not, and are never likely to have. For 'reason,' you say, 'cannot do much with an enthusiast, whose first principle is, to have nothing to do with reason, but resolve all his religious opinions and notions into immediate inspiration.'

"Then, by your own account, I am no enthusiast; for I resolve none of my notions into immediate inspiration. I have something to do with reason; perhaps as much as many of those who make no account of my labours. And I am ready to give up every opinion which I cannot by calm, clear reason defend. Whenever, therefore, you will try what you can do by argument, which you have not done yet, I wait your leisure, and will follow you step by step, which way soever you lead."

To the same false accuser he says: "If you can prove upon me, John Wesley, any one of the charges which you have advanced, call me not only a wolf, but an otter, if you please."

Wesley lost his temper once. But when the facts of the case are stated, there is no reader of these pages but will be ready to palliate his fault. It was when dealing, as was his wont, with a mass of nonsense which was popularly dubbed divinity. The author of this particular system was Jacob Behmen, a German shoemaker, whose works—"a motley mixture of mystical jargon, a jumble of astrological, philosophical, chemical, and theological extravagances"*—had been translated into English and had beguiled many. In The Arminian Magazine for April, 1782, under the ironical caption, "A specimen of the

* Tyerman, "Life," Vol. II., p. 266.

divinity and philosophy of the highly-illuminated Jacob Behmen," Wesley inserted that worthy's striking interpretation of the Lord's Prayer.

"Unser Vater in Himmel. *Un* is God's eternal will to nature; *ser* comprehends it in the forms of nature. *Va* is the matrix upon the cross; *ter* is mercury in the centre of nature. And they are the two mothers in the eternal will. The one severs itself into fire, the other into the light of meekness and into water. For *va* is the mother of the light which affords substantiality, and *ter* is the mother of the fire's tincture."*

But that is enough of the kind. Wesley wound up with the intertation of the highly-illuminated one on "A-men," and then wrote:

"Now here I fix my foot. Upon this ground I join issue with every admirer of Jacob Behmen in England.

"I appeal to every candid man, every man of piety and common-sense, whether this explanation deserves those violent encomiums contained in the advertisement?

"I ask any person of understanding, First, Whether any man in his senses, from the beginning of the world, ever thought of explaining any treatise, divine or human, syllable by syllable? Did a more absurd imagination ever enter into a madman's brain? Is it possible by this means to make sense of any text from Genesis to the Revelation? Must there not be a high degree of lunacy before any such design could be formed?

"I ask, Secondly, If any Scripture could be thus explained, if any meaning could be extracted from the several syllables, must it not be from the syllables of the Original, not of a translation, whether German or English?

"I ask, Thirdly, Whether this explanation be any explanation at all? Whether it gives the meaning of any one petition? Nay, whether it does not reduce the divine prayer, all the parts of which are accurately connected together, into an unconnected, incoherent jumble of no one can tell what?

"I ask, Fourthly, Whether we may not pronounce with the utmost certainty, of one who thus distorts, mangles, and murders the Word of God, that the light which is in him is darkness; that he is illuminated from beneath, rather than from above; and that he ought to be styled a *Demonosopher* rather than a *Theosopher*?"

Shortly after this ebullition, Wesley received a letter from a friend expostulating with him at the fire and feeling he had shown. Both the sanctity and the greatness of the man are evidenced in his reply:

"Dear Harry, Your letter gave me pleasure and pain. It gave me pleasure because it was written in a mild and loving spirit; but it gave me pain, because I found I had pained you, whom I so tenderly love and esteem. But I shall do it no more. I sincerely thank you for your kind reproof. It is a precious balm, and will, I trust, in the hands of the Great Physician, be the means of healing my sickness. I am so sensible of your real friendship herein, that I cannot write without tears. The words you mention were too strong. They will no more fall from my mouth. I am, dear Harry, affectionately yours,

"John Wesley."

Though so obviously gifted with the genius irritabilis of the poet, Wesley knew nothing of that "sweetly sad, ideal guest," his melancholy. "I feel and I grieve," he said, "but, by the grace of God, I fret at nothing," and "I dare no more fret than curse and swear." Samuel Bradburn, his travelling companion, declared, "I never saw him low-spirited in my life, nor could he endure to be with a melancholy person. When speaking of any who imagined religion would make them morose and gloomy, he would say from the pulpit as well as in private that 'sour godliness is the devil's religion.'"

Thomas Walsh, that excessively grave and phenomenal young linguist, once complained, "Among three or four persons that tempt me to levity, you, sir, are one, by your witty proverbs." Wesley was a captivating conversationalist, but

* *Vide* "Magazine" 1782, *in loco.*

his speech was always "seasoned with salt." He had an eye for the ridiculous, and was quick at repartee. "I never turn out for a fool," roared a ruffian who met him in the street one day, and, running against him, tried to throw him down. "I always do," said the gallant and grey-haired little gentleman, as he quickly stepped aside. The fool passed on!

His dry humour is everywhere in evidence. Mirth and seriousness are mingled in the epigrams that coruscate upon his pages. One can see the twinkle in the eye of the determined little man as he sits inditing some of his famous prefaces. Take a paragraph from that to his hymn-book:

"Here I beg leave to mention a thought which has been long upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had I not been unwilling to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honour to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome so to do provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them; for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore I must beg of them one of these two favours: either to let them stand just as they are, to take them for better or worse; or add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page; that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggerel of other men."

In the preface to the first volume of his "magazine," he answers seriatim the current popular objections to his conduct of that periodical, which it seems a friendly correspondent had heard and forwarded. His reply has made many a solemn man laugh:

"The first objection is, 'It is too short; some other magazines are almost as long again.' I answer, by confessing the charge. It is undeniably true, that it does not contain so many lines, either in prose or verse, as the *Spiritual Magazine*. And—

'Jonson, who is himself a wit,
Weighs writers' merit by the sheet.'

So do thousands besides; but I do not write for these. I write for those who judge of books, not by the quantity, but by the quality of them: who ask not how long, but how good they are? I spare both my readers' time and my own, by couching my sense in as few words as I can. Those who prefer the dealers in many words, may find them on every side. And from these they may have not only as much more, but ten times as much for their money.

"A second objection is, 'Here is not variety enough!' I answer, Here is all the variety I promised: I promised the bulk of the magazine should treat of Universal Redemption. And hence you had reason to expect that the greatest part of every number would turn on that single point. Do you blame me for keeping close to my point? For not rambling from my subject? It is not my manner: I do not aim at it. Whether in speaking or writing, I endeavour to avoid this kind of *variety* and to keep one thing always in view. . . .

"'But you have no pictures or other decorations or embellishments which other magazines have.' It is true. But I will tell you what I have (if you cannot find it out without telling), such paper as no magazine in England was ever printed upon before. Consider! this one single article costs more than all their fine embellishments put together.

"Permit me to say once for all: to men of taste, and men of piety, I am in hopes this magazine will recommend itself without any but its own intrinsic ornaments. But if any of these will inform me how it may be improved, consistently with my first design, the favour will be thankfully acknowledged by, Dear Sir, your affectionate servant, John Wesley."*

Placed so far above most ordinary mortals by his self-abnegation and his sanctity; forever seeing in humanity not that which was bad and hateful, but that which was lovable and improvable; Wesley drew and still draws men unto him. But still he could not have been the power he was—he would not be the power he is—by these alone. Men loved him after all because he

* "Magazine," 1778.

was so much like other men. In him there was nothing of the stand-off of the pious sentimentalist. He was not oblivious to his faults nor did he seek to cloak them; it was the rather his to confess and to amend. It may safely be declared that, as regards himself, England's greatest saint and saviour would have esteemed the words of Holmes quite apropos :

"Had I been asked, before I left my bed
Of shapeless dust, what clothing I would wear,
I would have said, more angel and less worm.
But for their sake who are even such as I,
Of the same mingled blood, I would not choose
To hate the meaner portion of myself
Which makes me brother to the least of men."

Orono, Ont.

AN INSPIRATION.

BY EMMA E. HORNIBROOK.

"Well, it's wonderful. It almost speaks, doesn't it ?"

"Almost !" echoed the boy, with flashing eyes, as the hand that held the bow dropped to his side and he lowered the violin. "Almost ! And it so often speaks to me."

The despairing cadence in the last words was but the echo of a feeling that oppressed him. He could never make others hear what he heard in the music he evoked. It was to Carl Miller the sighing of his deepest yearnings; the expression of his brightest dreams and ideals. He could not have framed them into words, but through the violin they found utterance. It was as if music became his natural expression, and his days would have been silent without it.

Of course he knew that the listener, who had broken in upon his absorption with her humble appreciation, could have no intelligent sympathy. She was but a poor, hard-working Irish woman, who helped to clean the house occasionally, and could have no soul for sweet sounds. There was no music in her life, perhaps there never had been, though she once was young, and her heart sang, as the very insects chirp, for the gladness of its spring. She was now kneeling bolt upright, outside the boy's open chamber door, a wet floor-cloth between her uplifted fingers. Poor coarse fingers, with no ache left in them, because aching itself had been worn out. It was evident, though Carl did not recognize it at first, that she was not insensible to softening influences. The melody which spoke for him had appealed to her.

Carl Miller was the only son of a hard-working minister in the unfashionable suburb of a great city. The Rev. Matthew Miller had been endowed with one talent, and that one he conscientiously laid aside, to all intents and purposes, when he entered the ministry. There came a time in his young manhood when he believed he heard the Master say, "Go thou and preach the kingdom of God." To hear was to obey; there was no mistaking the message. Thenceforth he was only known as the composer of many hymns; sometimes intense, sometimes subdued, but always with the same earnest yearning. Once he had indulged in a sacred cantata, but for the time it took from other ministrations he afterwards severely charged his soul.

When his only son developed a taste for that which his own heart once pursued with desire, Mr. Miller faced the early problem of his

life anew. Silently he observed and pondered, and at length secretly concluded. When matured, his conclusions were timorously communicated to his wife.

"My dear, I have engaged a teacher for Carl."

"A teacher! Do you find his instruction too hard for you?"

"No indeed. I mean for the violin, of course."

This as if the necessity could not be gainsaid.

"Matthew, I could not have believed it had another told me. And I doing my own housework!"

His heart misgave him at the opening attack. Had she stopped at the first sentence possibly she might have come off victorious, but few women know when to stop. It is a rare intuition. The second furnished him with an argument.

"That's just it, my dear. You are doing your own work; a work which no one else can do as well." (Mr. Miller was a diplomat.) "You are in the apostolic order, obeying the injunction, 'I will that younger women guide the house.'" (Mrs. Miller was over forty, but really looked younger.) "I am humbly, though faultily, trying to carry out my trust. Our boy has inherited a talent for music; one of God's choicest gifts to man. The air is vocal with it. If our hearts do not make melody, we are not in God's order, though too often the strains are minor. Oh, Martha, I have thought much of this, and it cannot be God's will that I should force the lad into some other path, for which he may be wholly unfitted. Let him choose his own life-work, and may the God of his fathers direct him."

It was quite a long speech and carried conviction. The dutiful wife asked no more, but—

Her eyes had dropped to a patch on her husband's shoe. She repressed the sigh that might have grieved him, but he saw that the opposition he dreaded was over. He could only regard it as a special intervention of a Power above and beyond himself, and little knew that his wife had become suddenly reconciled to his plan by a sight of his own old shoes.

That old shoe was the starting-point for a train of reflection in the good woman's mind. If music was Carl's one talent, might he not make more by its cultivation than by anything else? He would pursue, he would succeed, and success meant money. Ambition awoke; every mother is ambitious. In his simplicity of heart her husband never dreamed of the visions of honour and plenty that began to fill her thoughts. She saw her son's name blazoned in perspective; she heard the applause that greeted his appearance in public. Once she came back from a dream, laughing like a child, at beholding the Rev. Matthew in a new clerical suit of most approved cut and finest quality.

Now here was Carl Miller in the second year of his studies, practising in his own room and never heeding the hungry, weary soul at his door, until she made her presence felt. Gradually her interest dawned upon him, but it was only, at best, the pleased humour of a child; of an undeveloped nature.

"Do you like it?" he asked kindly.

"Like it, is it? God help ye!" she said. "Did I like to hear the little birds tunin' up in the sky, an' the sthream a-singin' as if it rolled all purty tunes into one? Did I like the bluebells an' butthercups, holdin' up their teeny dhrops o' dew for the fairies to dhrink, an' me two feet sinkin' in the moss an' grass that's finer than any carpit ye iver seen? Did I like to hear Pat whispher, an' we gatherin' the kippins* when the sun was gone to

* Little sticks.

bed? Sure the music's taken me back intirely, an' it's jest tellin' me all I wanted in the young times in the ould home; all I wanted, an' niver—niver got."

There were tears on the woman's hard, lined face. Carl stood aghast at the power of his own melody, and the force of her imagination.

"Does it help you?" he inquired, still more gently.

"Help me!" echoed the woman. "Yes, it do help me—to remimber. It's betther for me than what I sometimes takes to make me dis-remimber."

She bent again to her work, but first Carl saw her wipe her eyes with the corner of her wet apron.

It gave him just the impetus he needed. He had taken up music simply because something within him compelled it; it was the blossoming of his nature. Now the expression of this poor Irish woman's appreciation led him to see how selfishly he had been absorbed in its pursuit. For his own gratification, at best, his father's enjoyment, he had studied and played. Suddenly was awakened the desire that through this, his own talent, he might benefit and bless others.

Presently the woman ceased scrubbing and raised herself to her former position.

"Sure, it's a grand thing to be a scholard," she said, "an' write well an' play foine. The poor can't do nothin' but work—work—to stop the empty ache widin 'em wid another ache."

"You have children, Mrs. Lynch?"

"Ay, that I have; God bless 'em, the crathures! Did ye fancy it was for the atin' o' meself I'd slave from mornin' to night? Why, there's little Tim—he'll be six year old come Lady Day, an' never put one foot before another. He have a live bird in a cage an' would sthop the longest day in the year a-chirrupin' to it."

Carl felt a reverence for this hard-working, homely woman, in the devotion of her motherhood.

"Mrs. Lynch," he exclaimed, "you are doing your duty; that is all any of us can do. My mother will go to see you, and we'll get little Tim here, and I'll play for him as if he was the richest and greatest man in the country. And, do you know, you have helped me? Don't think I am joking; for you really have. When first you spoke to me, I thought all the long years when I had been twanging—twanging—on one or two strings was wasted time. But when you told, in words that seemed to fit the music, of what you heard in it, my heart took courage. Once there was a famous composer of music—a man who found the most wonderful notes and parts for the grandest Bible words. Before setting to this, his great work in life, he used to kneel down and ask God to help him to praise Him worthily. Now I want to be something like this. I want to let more sunshine into the world, so that men need not walk in gloom, with their heads hanging down. I want to be like the birds in the field. I want—oh, I want to make hard lives brighter, and draw people out of their meanness and selfishness until God Himself speaks to them through this!"

His voice broke as he laid his hand tenderly upon his beloved violin, and the woman, looking up, murmured reverently, "Glory be to God!"

"'Tis the weakness in strength that I cry for! my flesh that I seek
In the Godhead! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be
A face like my face that receives thee; a Man like to me
Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever; a Hand like this hand
Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand!"
—*Browning.*

GEORGE FOX AND THE QUAKERS.

BY THE REV. PROF. PAISLEY, M.A.

Amid the flotsam and jetsam cast up by the flow of the puritan tide of the seventeenth century, the generations since have discovered two treasures—George Fox and John Bunyan—that have made the world the richer—the latter by one book, "Pilgrim's Progress;" the former, little by his books, though he wrote many; but much by his life and teachings.

These two men had some things common as regards their religious experience, and were labouring contemporaneously and successfully, each in his own sphere of Christian influence; yet their lives were so divergent that there was no co-operation between them.

George Fox was born in 1624, in the English town of Fenny Drayton, in Leicestershire, or as he calls it, Drayton in the Clay. His father's name was Christopher, which, however, his neighbours familiarly changed into "righteous Christer," on account of the strict integrity of his dealings in his business as a weaver. His mother's maiden name was Jane Lago. She is spoken of as being of the stock of the martyrs, while Penn says, "She was a woman accomplished above most of her degree in the place where she lived." Although the times were troublous and the business of the country much unsettled by the disturbed state of affairs, both domestic and foreign, Christopher Fox and his wife prospered, so that they were well-to-do, as may be inferred from the statement that George inserts in his Journal as made by his relatives—"When he went from us hee had a greate deale of goulde and silver about him."

At the time of Fox's birth, Fenny Drayton was an insignificant hamlet, situated on a knoll, that for a long distance was surrounded by low-lying fen-land, which in those days, when as yet it had not been drained, lay under water, making the place a dreary enough abode. There was in the hamlet one church, or as Fox came to call such buildings, "one steeple house," only, that during the greater part of Fox's life was served by Rev. Nathanael Stephens, of whom he speaks with special dislike as "priest Stephens." Fenny Drayton has since been drained and has become a more attractive place. In its neighbourhood is laid the scene of George Eliot's "Adam Bede," "Mr. Gilfil," "Janet's Repentance," and "Amos Burton"; while the author herself was born at the neighbouring town of Nuneaton, which is the chief place of the district.

For persons in the station of life in which Fox moved, books were not numerous, and almost the only literature he had was the Scriptures, in which, however, he seemed to find peculiar delight, being, as Penn says, "More religious, inward, still, solid and observing" than any of his brothers. Under the impression that his peculiar piety and abstinence from vain sports presaged a future life of devotion to God, his mother marked him out for the ministry of the Church of England. On the advice of friends, however, he abandoned that purpose and was apprenticed to a man who, although nominally a shoemaker, combined with that business buying and selling of wool, grazing, and trading in cattle. While with this man, Fox spent much of his

time tending his master's flocks and herds. But upon his shoulders there came also much of the buying and selling of cattle and wool; for his great integrity and straightforwardness earned the confidence of both his master and his customers. He himself says in his Journal, "I never wronged man or woman in all that time," and "While I was with him, he was blessed; but after I left, he broke and came to nothing."

It is difficult to say at what time the religious awakening of Fox began, if indeed there can be said to have been such an awakening at all. The nearest to such an experience came to him in the year 1643, when he was about nineteen years of age. Being in Bradford, on fair day, attending to business for his master, one of his cousins, a "professor" (by which term Fox called the Puritans), invited him to join with another "professor" in drinking a jug of beer. As he was thirsty, and moreover "loved any that had a sense of good or did seek after the Lord," he joined them. When, however, they continued their drinking and wanted to indulge in toasts, he paid his score and left them.

That night, when he returned to his home, his conscience would not let him sleep, and all night long he paced his room crying unto the Lord, who answered him with the audible words, "Thou seest how many young people go together in vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, both young and old, and keep out of all, and be a stranger unto all." From that time, as he says, "At the command of God, on the 9th day of the 7th month, 1643, I left my relations and broke off all familiarity or friendship with old or young."

During the three or four years immediately following this experience, Fox walked in much darkness, being sometimes tempted to despair. During this time he visited some of the "professors" of high repute and an uncle of his own, of some name, in London, in the hope of being led out into the light. It was, however, all in vain; so he returned to his own home again, where his friends, fearing for his mind, advised him to marry, or join the army; while some of the "priests," that is, ministers of the Church of England, whom he consulted, advised him to dance with the girls, to smoke tobacco and sing psalms, to take physic, or to allow himself to be bled. The last advice was the only one accepted by him; but he declares that not a drop of blood would flow from his arms or his head, he was so dried up by his troubles.

It was not till 1646 that clear light came into his soul; but it came gradually and without the assistance of man, being brought into his soul by the direct operation of the Spirit. From that time, as he says, "it was opened" to him that something more than graduating at college was necessary to make a minister,—the teaching of the Spirit. Being, therefore, dissatisfied with those ministers who not only had not sought to lead him into the light, but had treated his most sacred feelings as something to be dissipated by frivolity and sinful indulgence, he went no more to the "steeple houses" to hear them preach; but walked in the fields communing with God, where it was "opened" to him that God does not dwell in temples made with hands. Dissatisfied with "the priests," he turned to the "dissenting people"; but it was not long before he turned from them also, because "none among them all could speak to my condition. . . . Then I heard a

voice which said, 'There is one, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition,' and when I heard it my heart did leap with joy." From that time he separated himself from all others "and had not fellowship with any people."

Heretofore Fox had been the searcher after light, but henceforth he is the preacher to proclaim to others the only infallible doctrine. When he was on the verge of this course, he hesitated for a time, whether or not he should "practise physick for the good of mankind," for he believed that God had not only given him spiritual insight, but had also given him direct insight into the occult properties of nature. The die, however, was cast, and he became the preacher. Clad in leathern garments, which, although they strike us as being unsightly and inappropriate, do not seem to have impressed in that way his countrymen of that time, he set out on his journeys, confining his labours to the midland counties between 1648-1651. In the course of his journeys he endured many hardships—sleeping under haystacks, sometimes without food, being mobbed by the clergy, the magistrates, the common people, and sometimes being cast into prison.

It is doubtful if, in his subsequent ministry, he added anything to the subject matter of his preaching, although afterwards, by the genius of Robert Barclay, a young Scotchman converted to Quakerism, his theology was developed and systematised. His creed included all the articles of the Apostles' Creed; but to these he added certain peculiar views that he proclaimed, perhaps more prominently and emphatically than even the fundamental doctrines of repentance and faith. These peculiar views were the doctrine of the Inward Light, Christian Perfection, the Sin of Taking an Oath even in a court of justice, the Wrong of War, the Danger of Hat Worship. The Inward Light was his great theme. By that Light which God gives to his people, they are to be guided always; and it is doubtful if Fox does not carry his teaching on this point to such an extreme as to make the Light supersede the teaching of Scripture. There is no room to doubt that in his view, the doctrine of the Inward Light carried with it the disuse of the Sacraments, the rejection of a Liturgy, Silent Worship, an Unpaid Ministry. Usually Fox preached with such vehemence that sometimes his utterances were incoherent rantings; but when not incoherent they were marked by much power and by much of the very spirit of the ancient prophets, as well as by similar fierce denunciations of all who either directly or indirectly antagonized his teachings. His strongest denunciations and his gentlest invitations he credits alike to the direct impulse of the Spirit of God.

The scene of his preaching was sometimes the fields and sometimes the streets of cities; but not infrequently the "steeple houses," or even the minster or cathedral. For in those times it was quite customary, when the "priests" had finished their discourses, for any person present to speak to the people. Of such opportunities Fox frequently availed himself. Of this we have an instance, when, in 1649, he was in the neighbourhood of Nottingham.

On the first day, as he was in a meeting of his followers, he spied in the distance a "great steeple house," and "the Lord said . . Thou must go cry against yonder great idol and against the worshippers therein." He went, and as he entered "all the people

looked like fallow ground, and the priest (like a great lump of earth) stood in the pulpit above." The minister took for his text the words of Peter, "We have a more sure way of prophecy, whereunto ye do well that ye take heed," etc., and upon these words he based an exhortation to test all doctrines and religious teachings of the Scriptures. "Now," says Fox, "the Lord's power was so mighty upon me and so strong on me that I could not hold, but was made to cry out and say, Oh, no, it is not the Scriptures, and I told them what it was, namely, the Holy Spirit, by which the holy men of God gave forth the Scriptures. As I spoke thus among them the officers came and took me away and put me in the nasty stinking prison." The intelligent reader will rather accept the exegesis of the minister than that of Fox, but the incident will show how impetuous and overbearing he was, and how confident that he was moved by the Spirit, even when he was evidently wrong in his interpretation of Scripture.

In the beginning of the year 1651 he was going to the city of Lichfield, when, as he drew near, he says he "saw three steeple house spires, and they struck at my life." Forthwith he was aroused to an intense state of excitement. Leaping over hedges and ditches he came to a field where shepherds were watching their flocks, and leaving his shoes with them, he walked about a mile in his bare feet to the city. Through the streets he went, crying with a loud voice, "Woe to the bloody city of Lichfield." As it was market day, great multitudes heard the words and were awed at the prophet-like denunciations. And as "I went through the streets," he says, "there seemed to be a channel of blood running down the streets, and the market place appeared like a pool of blood." Such is the description he gives of his own feelings at the time, but he declares that he could not understand why he felt thus, till some time afterwards he came to understand that some thirteen hundred and fifty years before, in the reign of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, about a thousand Christians were martyred in Lichfield. This is, no doubt, an after-thought, and there are many people who account for the whole proceeding on the ground of insanity.

It was during this tour through the midland counties that the name Quakers was given to the followers of Fox. The names chosen by themselves were, Children of the Light, Friends of the Truth, or simply Friends; but the name Quaker has asserted itself above them all. It took its origin in this way. In 1650, October 30, Fox was brought before the magistrates of Derby on a charge of offending against religion. With his customary boldness he bade the magistrates tremble before God, and one of them, Gervase Bennet, retorted the term Quakers upon him and his followers, and the name has stuck to them ever since.

Fox's earliest convert was a widow named Elizabeth Hooton, who became one of his followers in 1647, and became his first woman preacher. But it was later than that, during 1652, that he gained his most important adherents, Margaret Fell and her family, of Swarthmoor Hall, in Furness. Her husband was a member of Parliament, and afterwards one of the circuit judges—a man of great importance in the Commonwealth. In the course of his journeys, Fox came to Swarthmoor, and amid much opposition from "Priest Lampitt," the Puritan minister of the parish, preached to the people.

The master of Swarthmoor was absent on circuit; but his wife and family were all converted to the new doctrines, and thenceforward Swarthmoor became one of the headquarters of the Quaker evangelists. The husband, although he never joined the society, looked upon it and its doctrines with favour, till his death in 1658. About ten years afterwards Fox married the widow, who became his most efficient colabourer in his later work of organizing and extending his society.

In the course of his evangelistic labours Fox travelled through all parts of England and Wales; he visited Ireland in 1669, Scotland in 1657, the West Indies and North America in 1671-1672, and Holland in 1677 and 1684.

During his public ministry he was imprisoned eight times—the longest imprisonment being from 1663-1666, making about two years and nine months, begun in Lancaster and continued in Scarborough. His last imprisonment was for fourteen months, in the year 1673-1674. But none of these things seemed able to dampen the ardour of himself or wife. The Act of Uniformity, the Conventicle Act, the Five-Mile Act, by which Charles II., after the restoration, sought to crush out everything but the High Church Party, all proved powerless to prevent the growth and spread of the Quaker societies.

Although the last two or three years of Fox's life gave evidence of decaying powers, yet his zeal can scarcely be said to have much abated. Even the Sunday, or First Day, before his death, he preached a long and earnest sermon. On the following Tuesday, January 13, 1691, he expired in great peace, with the words, "All is well," on his lips, and amid the grief of vast numbers who had under his teaching been led into the enjoyment of the favour of God. He was buried in the Quaker burying ground, near Bunhill Fields.

The organization of the Quaker societies was not completed till the year 1669, when there was introduced the "Yearly Meeting." The societies are organized on the connexional plan, having for each local society the "Particular Meeting," for a group of several the "Monthly Meeting," for a larger group the "Quarterly Meeting," and for the largest group the "Yearly Meeting." All these meetings include men and women, although they meet apart. The business is transacted by questions and answers, as in the Methodist Conference, which has borrowed the method from the Quakers. Nothing, however, is put to vote; but a clerk sums up the views that are expressed, in certain conclusions that seem to him to be warranted.

The peculiar dress, language, and usages of the Quakers have been somewhat modified since the time of Fox; but in all essential particulars they remain the same. Having neither creed, liturgy, priesthood, nor sacrament, they are nevertheless honoured as Christians, whose record for usefulness in all the great movements destined to help in establishing the kingdom of Christ, is worthy of highest praise.

Sackville, N.B.

There is silence high in the midnight sky,
And only the sufferers watch the night,
But long ago there was song and glow
And a message of joy from the Prince of Light,
And the Christmas song of the messenger throng
The echoes of life shall forever prolong.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

IS THE WORLD GROWING WORSE?*

BY THE REV. EDWARD HARTLEY DEWART, D.D.

There can be no question that our moods, or the eyes with which we look at things, largely determine the impression they make upon us. Everything looks bright to glad and hopeful hearts. On the other hand, the desponding and sorrowful clothe all things in the hues of their own sombre spirits. Many people maintain that the world is going from bad to worse. The aged are apt to look back upon their youth as a vanished golden age. It is an article in the faith of one theological school, that the world shall continue to grow worse, till the second coming of Christ ushers in the millennium.

There is much more fault-finding and grumbling in the world than thanksgiving and praise. Apart from all theological theories, there is a general disposition to disparage the existing condition of things. Some people find fault with everything that is being done in both Church and State. No matter how well anything is done they can point out "a more excellent way." Their gaze is so constantly fixed on failures and blemishes that they overlook the signs of progress around them. It is with reluctance such people admit that there is any real religious growth or improvement in the world.

There are natural causes which go far to account for the prevalence of this pessimistic tendency. The ills of life touch us more closely than its blessings. They are always with us in some form. The prick of the thorn causes a far keener sensation than the beauty and fragrance of the rose. Much of the grumbling is done under the pressure of some passing ill. The great majority of people are not happy, and unhappy people are always complaining people. In times when the echoes of Armenian massacres are in the air and Christian nations are brandishing the sword, expressions of opinion are apt to be coloured by the dark shadows of the hour, without fully recognizing the progress of bygone peaceful years.

It is also undeniable that every one who adopts a new theory or fad, on any social or religious subject, feels bound to disparage and

* We have pleasure in presenting, by permission of the author, a short section from Dr. Dewart's admirable "Essays for the Times." The book, while of interest to all thoughtful readers, is especially valuable to ministers. No minister, or layman either, can read it without receiving help and mental stimulus. The book is the result of the ripe thought of a man who for forty years has been a careful student of the religious aspects and tendencies of the times. Among the topics treated, of special interest to Methodist readers is an admirable study of James Arminius, the great Dutch theologian, who has given its name to the Arminian theology on which Methodism throughout the world is based. The essay on "Robertson of Brighton," one of the greatest preachers in the Anglican Church, is full of instructive lessons. Other essays of this book are "Questionable Tendencies in Current Theological Thought," "The Tübingen School of Criticism," "Moral Teaching of the Old Testament," "The Last of the Great Prophets." One of the most remarkable essays is that on the "Confessions and Retractions of an Eminent Scientist,"—the late George John Romanes, a man who returned from the materialistic unbelief to a full and deliberate communion with the Church of Jesus Christ. In lighter vein is a sympathetic study of the work of Charles Sangster, a Canadian poet of whom too little is known. The volume also contains Dr. Dewart's noble poems on Tennyson and Gladstone—the finest elegies on these great writers that we have read, and other poems of special Canadian interest.—ED.

condemn all existing beliefs or practices which stand in the way of the acceptance of his theory. For this cause it is necessary that we know what fault-finding people believe, before we ascribe any importance to their approval or condemnation of things. The infidel condemns the Christian religion as something worthless or mischievous, unworthy of the acceptance of intelligent men. Roman Catholic writers wax eloquent over the failure of Protestantism, and especially of Protestant missions, without much regard to the actual facts. In 1850 Archbishop Hughes asserted that "Protestantism had lost all central force and power over the masses of mankind." High Church priests, who have adopted the Romanist conception of the Church and the ministry, also pronounce evangelical Protestantism a failure. Many years ago, the Rev. Dr. Ewer, of New York, a ritualistic Episcopalian, said that Protestantism was "a broken raft" falling to pieces in a stormy sea. Rationalists, who reject the belief that the doctrines of the Bible are a supernatural revelation from God, consequently regard the religion that rests on this belief as too unscientific for this scientific age. All these, in whatever they may differ, agree in disparaging the work of evangelical Christianity in the world, and in making confident assertions that the facts justify their pessimistic view of things.

I firmly believe that the hopeful feeling produced by confidence in the "faith once delivered unto the saints," greatly promotes earnestness in Christian work. I also believe the facts of Christian history show that Christianity has vindicated its adaptation to the wants of the children of men, and contributed largely to political, social and religious progress. It may conduce in some degree to strengthen the faith and zeal of others, if I briefly state some of the reasons why I believe that these pessimistic views are not justified.

It will hardly be denied by any one that there has been great progress in useful knowledge during the past century, and that a great increase in the physical comfort of the people has followed as a result. It is not a mere coincidence that mental and material advancement has gone on side by side with religious progress. In many cases the latter has been evidently the cause of the former. Doubtless those who are looking for evils and wrongs, with which to make a dark picture, can always find material enough suitable for that purpose; but beyond all question the past hundred years has witnessed great religious progress. No writer known to me has treated this whole subject so ably and fully as Dr. Daniel Dorchester, in his book, "The Problem of Religious Progress," of which a revised edition was published by Hunt & Eaton, New York, in 1894. Dr. Dorchester quotes fully and fairly some of the strongest pessimistic statements of sceptics, Roman Catholics and Ritualists; then, by an unanswerable array of authentic facts and statistics, he proves that the indictment of Protestantism by its enemies is false and unfair. He presents the multiplying evidences that "Christianity is more and more penetrating the world's consciousness and life, and demonstrating her efficiency as a regenerating and uplifting power among the nations."

It would take too much space to state in detail the historic facts by which this conclusion is sustained. I can only briefly name some of the signs of moral and social progress seen in modern times, especially in English-speaking countries. Among these are greater

independence and liberty of thought—the passing away of crude and unscriptural statements of doctrine—the prevalence of a higher standard of moral conduct —the diminution of crime—the growing temperance sentiment—a purer and higher tone in popular literature—the discontinuance of duelling and the disbelief in witchcraft—the more humane treatment of women and children—greater practical sympathy with the toiling poor—the multiplication of benevolent institutions for all classes of sufferers—more ample and efficient provision for popular education—the removal of barbarity in the infliction of judicial penalties—the overthrow of slavery in the British dominions and the United States—increased interest in missionary success—increase in spiritual vitality in all the Protestant Churches —a large and steady increase in the membership and agencies of the Protestant Churches in the United States and Canada—the deep and widespread influence of religious literature—the greater interest shown in the religious education of the young—the enlarged sphere and influence of woman—the concentration of thought upon the Bible—and a more liberal and fraternal spirit between different denominations of Christians.

These and other indisputable signs of progress, which are amply demonstrated as facts by Dr. Dorchester, constitute an overwhelming body of evidence that, notwithstanding some adverse facts and occasional times of reaction, the Christian Churches evince undoubted religious progress—a progress which proves that evangelical Christianity is exerting a powerful influence upon the world. The wickedness, injustice and moral degradation which exist in Christian lands do not result from any inefficiency of Christianity; but from the neglect or rejection of the salvation it offers and the duties it enjoins. The contrast between the social and religious condition which prevails at the present time and that of the last century is striking and eminently encouraging. Roman Catholics disparage Protestant missions, yet the success of Protestant missions during this century more than equals that of the primitive Church during the first century. Modern missions also have had their days of Pentecost.

"In a single year, one missionary society received eighteen thousand seekers after the truth; another baptized nine thousand converts, six thousand in one day; and another received six thousand to membership." But missionary success cannot be measured by the number of converts received into the Churches. At the Chicago "Parliament of Religions" it was quite evident that men who represented the heathen religions were familiar with Christianity, and were largely indebted to it while they disparaged it. The way in which Christianity has triumphed over powerful enemies in the past, and the evidence that it is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, should strengthen our faith in its divine efficiency, and prompt us to more earnest effort in bringing our unsaved fellow-men, at home and abroad, to a saving knowledge of the truth.

Festive bells—everywhere the Feast o' the Babe!
Joy upon earth, peace and good-will to man!

AMONG THE GYPSIES.

HUNGARIAN GYPSIES IN GALA DRESS.

A familiar object in the outskirts of the towns and villages of Ontario and Quebec thirty years ago, and still more familiar on heath and holt, in the shady lanes and grassy commons of Great Britain, were the white tilts of the Gypsy waggons and their camp fires, with a ragged group around them, like a bandit picture by Salvator Rosa. A unique fascination hangs about this mysterious, wandering tribe. The strange jargon that they speak among themselves; their skill in training and especially trading horses; their supposed knowledge of the future and skill in reading the fortunes of romantic youths and maidens, who have duly crossed their palms with silver; the fierce and often felon character of the swarthy men, the lithe figures and sloe-black eyes and ivory-white teeth of the women, and often the remarkable grace and beauty of the children, gives an intense interest to these wandering nomads.

Their very name, Gypsies, a corruption of the word Egyptians, suggests a romantic Oriental origin. Like the Jews, another race of the weary foot, they have been found in almost every part of the world. The Zingari in Italy, the Gitanos in Spain, the Zigeuner in Germany, the "Bohemians" in France, the Tzigani in Slavic countries, have played an important part in song and story, in music and the graphic art.

Not only are the Gypsies the wonder of the schoolboy and the peasant, they are the puzzle of the philosopher and ethnologist. They are ignorant of their own origin, and the oldest chronicles have failed to record their migrations. Some German writers consider them an offshoot of the Soodras or the Pariahs of India, whence it is alleged they were driven by the ravages of Tamerlane, 1398. There are many roving tribes of Hindustan and Persia resembling the Gypsies. They have been also regarded as of Egyptian origin, and a mediaeval monk describes them as sons of Ishmael living by violence and fraud and guile.

As early as 1422 they numbered about fourteen thousand in Italy. Soon after they were expelled from Paris, but continued to wander throughout France. They are first mentioned in Spain in 1447, in England about 1506, and in Sweden in 1514. Wherever they came they practised the arts of thieving and deception. Severe laws were passed against them, but these measures, not being simultaneous in the various states, failed of their effect.

Spain exiled them in 1492, and

about a century later renewed the decree of banishment. In England, Henry VIII. issued in 1530 a proclamation, subsequently renewed by Elizabeth, which made their stay in the country for over a month a capital felony. The Scottish kings pursued a different policy, and seem to have given them a sort of protection. Italy, Denmark, Sweden, the Netherlands, and Germany took measures against them.

GYPSY WEDDING PARTY IN TRANSYLVANIA.

The sovereigns of Germany made efforts to reclaim and settle the Gypsies. Maria Theresa in 1768 ordered that the numerous bands throughout her dominions

should be gathered in settled habitations, practise some trade, have their children educated, and be called Neubauern, new peasants. As they failed to obey, severer measures were enforced by Joseph II. in 1782, and at present the Gypsies of Hungary, Transylvania, and Roumania, together about 250,000, lead a more settled life than their brethren anywhere else.

In Transylvania they are under the rule of a waywode of their own race, elected by themselves. They are likewise numerous in the southern provinces of Russia and in Turkey generally. Spain contains about 40,000, some of whom follow a mixed occupation, as keepers of wine shops and horse dealers. A considerable number are in Norway; in France there are few or none; and in England their number has decreased to about 10,000. Estimates of the total number of Gypsies in Europe are variously given from 500,000 to 700,000.

The laws against them have in most countries fallen into desuetude, they having to contend with a stronger force than legal prohibitions in the increase of intelligence among the rural population, who were formerly their patrons and victims. In England the oppressive statutes against them were repealed in 1783, 1820, and 1856.

The Gypsy physiognomy is Asiatic in type, with tawny complexion, quick black eyes, black hair, high cheek bones, narrow mouth with fine white teeth, which, with their lithe and agile figure, causes some of their young women to be considered beauties. Their habits are, however, so squalid and depraved as to cause them before they are past middle age to fall into decrepitude.

TIPSY GYPSIES.

The Gypsies have few redeeming characteristics. They are treacherous, cowardly, revengeful, and cruel. They have little or no religious belief, and no words in their language to signify God, the soul, or immortality. Velasquez says, "The Gypsies' church was built of lard, and the dogs ate it."

Marriage is a temporary form with them, and the limits of consanguinity are not respected. They pretend that their skill in palmistry is the lore of the Egyptians. Their industry reaches no higher than the tinkering of hardware and turning small articles

in wood, with occasionally some assistance reluctantly given in farm labour.

In Transylvania they do a little in washing gold. They frequently act as musicians, as they have a remarkable quickness in acquiring tunes by ear. Some of them have been celebrated violinists. The young persons of both sexes are fond of dancing, and exhibit their skill for money, especially in Spain. The men wear no distinguishing dress from other similar vagabonds, but the women indulge their passion for gay colours and trinkets. Their huts are mere kennels of earth and boughs. It has been a question whether a band of genuine Gypsies has ever been in America; but many English authorities maintain that the decrease of their number in the British Isles is in a great measure due to their having emigrated to the United States.

The language of the Gypsies, though everywhere preserving forms of an unmistakably East Indian origin, differs greatly in the various countries in which it is spoken. The best known are the English, German, Hungarian, and Spanish Gypsy dialects.

Gypsies are not unsusceptible to kindness and can be faithful in their friendships. The Rev. George Borrow, agent of the Religious Tract Society in Spain, won their confidence, learned their language, lived in their camps, and in his "Zincali," and "Lavengro," has written a charming account of their character, superstitions,—they can hardly be called religion,—and their blended virtues and vices.

Other observers are not so sympathetic or so fortunate in their acquaintance. A famous colony of Gypsies lives a sort of troglodyte existence in the caves beneath the Alhambra. Miss Dora M. Jones thus describes her acquaintance with this Andalusian tribe :

HUNGARIAN GYPSIES.

The side of the hill along which we drove was covered with prickly-pear thickets, and here the Gypsies dwell among the caves. We went into one of these caverns, the outer portion of which was furnished as a sitting-room—that is to say, it contained a table and a chair or two—and the walls were hung with cheap prints in gaudy frames. The inner cave was used as a bedroom, and a third one had a stove in it, and supplied the place of a kitchen; but this, we gathered, was a rather superior

household. We were mobbed, of course, with women desirous of telling our fortunes, but found some caution necessary in dealing with them. One fascinating gitana pinned a rose in the buttonhole of an ingenuous young member of our party, and took the opportunity to abstract his gold pin. It was so neatly done that he did not discover his loss for some time. The chief of these people, who calls himself King of the Gypsies, is a picturesque rascal who infests the walks of the Alhambra, offering his services as a guide to his dominions. He always gets up a Gypsy dance, which is said to be a particularly vulgar and stupid entertainment.

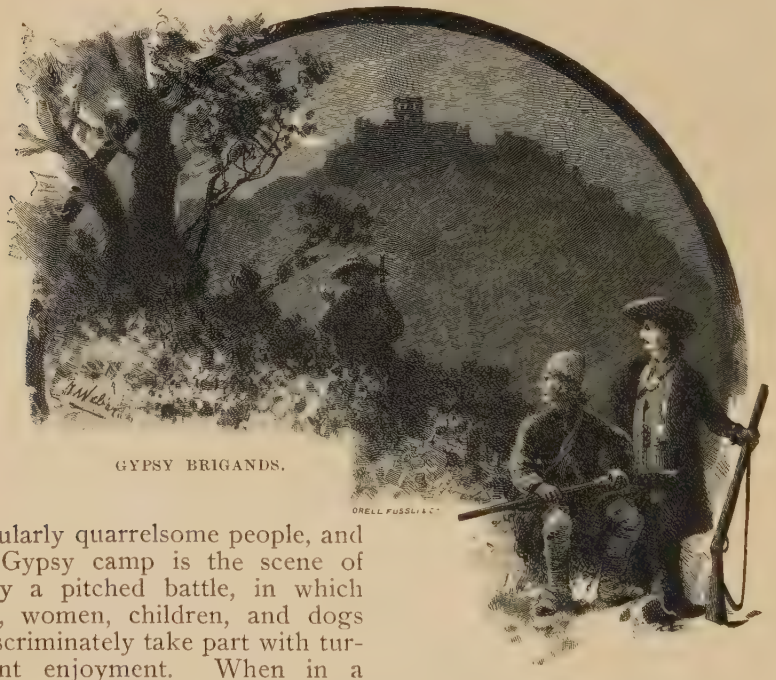
HUNGARIAN GYPSY CHIEF.

Nowhere in Europe are the Gypsies more numerous than in in Hungary and Transylvania. Madam Emily de Laszowska-Gerard thus describes from familiar acquaintance the Gypsy at his best in these lands :

In every other country where the Gypsies made their appearance they were oppressed and persecuted, treated as slaves or hunted down like wild beasts. In Hungary alone these wanderers found themselves neither oppressed nor repulsed, and if the Gypsy can be said to feel at home anywhere on the face of the globe, it is surely here. Like a gleam of dusky gems, they set off every picture of Hungarian life, and play to it a running accompaniment in plaintive minor chords. No one can travel many days in Hungary without becoming familiar with the strains of the Gypsy bands. And who has journeyed by night without noting the ruddy light of their myriad camp-fires which, like so many gigantic glow-worms, dot the country in all directions ? At the present time there are in Hungary about one hundred and fifty thousand Tziganes, as the Gypsies are called, of whom about eighty thousand fall to the share of Transylvania, which, therefore, in still more special degree may be termed the land of Gypsies.

The Gypsies are a hot-blooded, impulsive, half-civilized people. They are attached to their children, but in a senseless animal

fashion, alternately devouring them with caresses and violently ill-treating them. I have seen a father throw large, heavy stones at his ten-year-old daughter for some trifling misdemeanour, stones as large as good-sized turnips, any one of which would have been sufficient to kill her if it had happened to hit her; and only her agility in dodging these missiles, which she did grinning and chuckling, as though it were the best joke in the world, saved her from serious injury. They are a



GYPSY BRIGANDS.

singularly quarrelsome people, and the Gypsy camp is the scene of many a pitched battle, in which men, women, children, and dogs indiscriminately take part with turbulent enjoyment. When in a passion all weapons are good that come to the Gypsy's hand, and, faute de mieux, unfortunate infants are sometimes bandied backward and forward as improvised cannon-balls.

Hungarian music and Gypsy player are indispensable conditions of each other's existence. Hungarian music can only be rightly interpreted by the Gypsy musician, who for his part can play none other so well as the Hungarian music, into whose execution he throws all his heart and his soul, all his latent passion and unconscious poetry, the melancholy and dissatisfied yearnings of an outcast, the deep despondency of an exile who has never known a home, and the wild freedom of a savage who never owned a master. I cannot do better than quote (in somewhat free translation) some passages from the Abbe Liszt's valuable work on Gypsy music, which, far more vividly than any words of mine, will serve to sketch the portrait of the Hungarian Gypsy :

"There started up one day betwixt the European nations an unknown tribe, a strange people, of whom none were able to say who they were or whence they had come. They spread themselves over our continent, manifesting, however, neither desire of conquest nor ambition to acquire the right of a fixed domicile ; not attempting to lay claim to so much as an inch of land, but not suffering themselves to be deprived of a single hour of their

time; not caring to command, they neither chose to obey. They had nothing to give of their own, and were content to owe nothing to others. They never spoke of their native land, and gave no clue as to from which Asiatic or African plains they had wandered, or what troubles or persecutions had caused their expatriation. Strangers alike to memory as to hope, they kept aloof from the benefits of colonization; and too proud of their melancholy race to suffer admixture with other nations, they lived on, satisfied with the rejection of every foreign element. Deriving no advantages from the Christian civilization around them, they regarded with equal repugnance every other form of religion.

"This singular race, so strange as to resemble no other, possessing neither country, history, religion, nor any fixed laws, seems only to continue to exist because it does not choose to cease to be, and only cares to exist such as it has always been. Instruction, authority, persuasion, and persecution have alike been powerless to reform, modify, or exterminate the Gypsies. Broken up into wandering tribes and hordes, roving hither and thither as chance or fancy directs, without means of communication, and mostly ignoring one another's existence, they nevertheless betray their common relationship by unmistakable signs, the self-same type of features, the same language, the identical habits and customs.

"With a senseless or sublime contempt for whatever binds or hampers, the Tziganes ask nothing from the earth but life, and preserve their individuality from constant intercourse with nature, as well as by absolute indifference to all those not belonging to their race, with whom they commune only as far as requisite for obtaining the common necessaries of life. Hatred and revenge are with them only personal and accidental feelings, never premeditated ones. Harmless when their immediate wants are satisfied, they are incapable of preconceived intention of injuring, only wishing to preserve a freedom akin to that of the wild horse of the plains, and not comprehending how any one can prefer a roof, be it ever so fine, to the shelter of the forest canopy.

"Authority, rules, laws, principles, duties, and obligations are alike incomprehensible ideas to this singular race—partly from indolence of spirit, partly from indifference to the evils engendered by their irregular mode of life.

"Having neither Bible nor Gospels to go by, Tziganes do not see the necessity of fatiguing their brain by the contemplation of abstract ideas; and obeying their instincts only, their intelligence naturally grows rusty. Conscious of their harmlessness they bask in the rays of the sun, content in the satisfaction of a few primitive and elementary passions—the *sans-gêne* of their soul fettered by no conventional virtues."

GALICIAN GYPSIES AND THATCHED COTTAGE.

The German poet Lenau, in his short poem, "Die Drei Zigeuner" ("The Three Gypsies") traces a perfect picture of the indolent enjoyment of the Gypsy's existence:

"One day, in the shade of a willow-tree laid,
I came upon Gypsies three,

As through the sand of wild moorland
My cart toiled wearily.

"Giving to naught but himself a thought,
His fiddle the first did hold,
While 'mid the blaze of the evening days
A fiery lay he trolled.

"His pipe with the lip the second did grip,
A-watching the smoke that curled,
As void of care as nothing there were
Could better him in the world.

"The third in sleep lay slumbering deep,
On a branch swung his guitar;
Through its strings did stray the winds at play,
His soul was 'mid dreams afar.

"With a patch or two of rainbow hue,
Tattered their garb and torn;
But little recked they what the world might say,
Repaying its scorn with scorn.

"And they taught to me, these Gypsies three,
When life is saddened and cold,
How to dream or play or puff it away,
Despising it threefold!

"And oft on my track I would fain cast back
A glance behind me there—
A glance at that crew of tawny hue,
With their swarthy shocks of hair."

CHRISTMAS GUESTS.

The quiet day in winter beauty closes,
And sunset clouds are tinged with crimson dye,
As if the blushes of our faded roses
Came back to tint this sombre Christmas sky.

We sit and watch the twilight darken slowly;
Dies the last gleam upon the lone hillside;
And in the stillness growing deep and holy,
Our Christmas guests come in this eventide.

They enter softly; some with baby faces,
Whose sweet blue eyes have scarcely looked on life:
We bid them welcome to their vacant places;
They won the peace, and never knew the strife.

And some with steadfast glances meet us gravely,
Their hands point backward to the paths they trod:
Dear ones, we know how long ye struggled bravely,
And died upon the battlefield of God.

And some are here whose patient souls were riven
By our hard words, and looks of cold disdain;
Ah, loving hearts, to speak of wrong forgiven
Ye come to visit our dark world again!

But One there is, more kind than any other,
Whose presence fills the silent house with light;
The Prince of Peace, our gracious Elder Brother,
Comes to His birthday feast with us to-night.

Thou who wast born and cradled in a manger,
Hast gladdened our poor earth with hope and rest.
O best beloved, come not as a stranger,
But tarry, Lord, our friend and Christmas guest.

—*Good Words.*

AN INDIAN "MARTIN LUTHER."

BY THE REV. ARTHUR BROWNING.

Some years ago a Western traveller made a marvellous ethnological discovery. He found on the banks of the Fraser River old and abandoned underground houses. The weeds of long years had grown in and over them, and in some instances large trees had their roots in the floor. Here, said the traveller, are the evidences of a long forgotten and extinct race. They lived under instead of above ground, and pre-dated the Indian tribes, and probably escaped the Flood. (Readers of Western lore will be reminded by this of Bret Harte's geologist. He brought to the meeting of California scientists some old bones, which he declared were the remains of an ancient and extinct race of men. A member of the society suggested that his friend had been ransacking his family graveyard, for the bones belonged to a deceased mule.)

These old discarded houses of the discoverer were merely the winter homes of the Indians, and known on the Fraser as "sweat houses." The Indians who once lived in them had ceased to exist or had migrated to other places.

The scene of my story lies in one of these sweat houses. These dwellings were hollowed out of the earth, the centre forming a common room for the inhabitants, consisting of men, women, children, and dogs. The sleeping places were in tiers around the sides, and the whole was roofed over, leaving a small opening in the centre through which you descended by a notched stick to the region below. A fire for cooking was directly beneath this opening, through which the smoke ascended very lazily, as if loath to leave a congenial home.

In one of these sweat houses at Fort Yale, the Christmas ceremonies of the Catholic Church were to be held. That sweat house was the "Notre Dame" of the Indians on the Fraser, and its worshippers came from far and near. But there was an old Indian, Martin Luther, who had to be reckoned with, and who stood in the way of the ceremonies. He was chief of the tribe, and prized a sacred talisman, some portion of the Bible, which he had found in the mountains, and which he avowed had been left there by God purposely for him.

Some white man had interpreted "God's leaves" to him, and to the Indian it was a direct message from the Great Spirit without intervention of priest or prelate. All was arranged for the opening ceremonies of the church, and the robed priest stood up to begin the service. Then Martin Luther also arose, and vehemently protested against this sort of thing proceeding any further.

He said if the priest intended to preach, let him preach out of the book the Great Spirit had given him, Martin Luther, in the mountains. He wanted no Latin nor holy water, but let him preach from the book or not at all.

The priest retorted that the Pope was his authority. Martin Luther replied that God was greater than the Pope, and therefore the book must come first. The priest, at this protest, in his anger snatched the book from Martin Luther's hand, threw the leaves on the floor, and trampled on them, and to complete his con-

tempt for them, spat upon them again and again.

It was then there arose in the old Indian the spirit of an ancient prophet. Rising to his full height, and stretching out his long, lean arm, he shouted in terrific tones that this act of the priest was a personal insult to the Great Spirit, and then, in low but threatening language, he came to particulars. To-morrow there would come a frost such as had never been known before. The river would freeze from Yale to New Westminster, and on the heels of the frost would come a fearful snow, so that if the priest and the distant worshippers did not leave for home in the early morning, they would be imprisoned by God at Fort Yale for days and perhaps weeks.

The following morning gave no signs of the cold or the storm, but all the same I saw the Indians from a distance hastening to their homes. The prophecy of Martin Luther had impressed them so that they left the priest in Yale at once.

But that afternoon the frost came, and the terrible and never-to be forgotten winter of '61-2 was sternly ushered in. I have reason to remember it well, for I was nearly lost more than once in the snow and ice of the days which followed the Indian's prediction.

In the spring, when the ice was breaking up, a drowning Chinaman clung to my leg as he fell over our canoe into the Fraser, and by a miracle I escaped over the treacherous ice to the shore. What became of the priest I know not, but I do know that the news of that contest in the sweat house spread far and wide, and that whilst the priest was sorely discounted, the stock of old Martin Luther went up to par. All through the winter the leaven worked, and with the spring came a wonderful revolution. In a body and as a tribe the Indians left the Catholic for the Protestant faith, and became the nucleus of one of the strongest missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

When I read now and again of the gatherings of the Fraser River tribes for their annual religious festivals, from Yale up to Lilluet and beyond, my memory reverts to the scene of that Christmas in the sweat house, and I wonder whether that Indian was not as much a prophet sent of God as was the prophet of Carmel.

I may be deemed heretical and unsound when I say that I fully believe that the Martin Luther of the sweat house has long ere this met the Martin Luther of Worms in the land where sweat houses and popish dungeons are unknown. To the Jesus of them both be everlasting glory. Amen and Amen.

Toronto

CHRISTMASTIDE.

Judea's hills are bleak and bare
And Jordan's stream runs low;
Their riches, all mankind may share,
Still have their endless flow.
The star that shone in lonely ray
Glowed for remotest ages, when
It told the lesson all may say
Of "peace on earth, good-will to men."
Its golden glories still abide
In love to all each Christmas-tide.

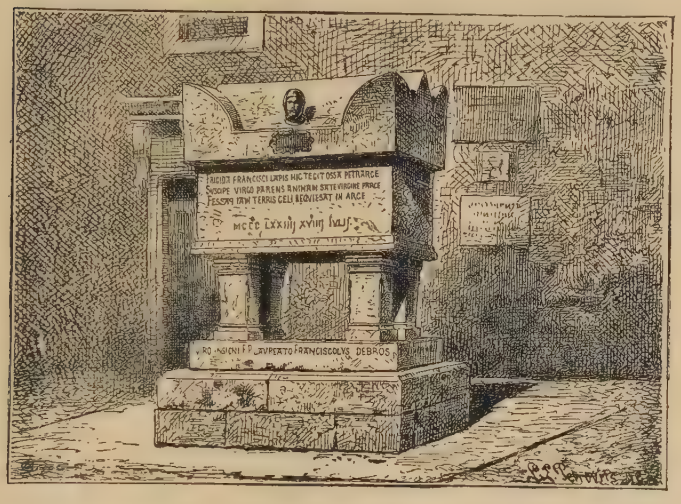
Judea's hills are bleak and bare
And Jordan's stream runs low,
But east and west in every air
Their incense breezes blow;
Outpoured for all with bounteous hand
From Heaven's full storehouse then,
A golden text for every land
Of "peace on earth, good-will to men"—
At once their hope, their joy, their pride,
This blessing of each Christmas-tide.

Judea's hills are bleak and bare
And Jordan's stream runs low,
But lands more blest and skies more fair,
Waves that as sweetly flow,
Are not, and have not e'er been known
To History's faithful pen,
Since that glad light upon them shone
Of "peace on earth, good-will to men"—
Life's sin and hate to override
In love and peace each Christmas-tide.

—*Henry Armstrong.*

PETRARCH AND LAURA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF PROF. SISMONDI.



PETRARCH'S TOMB, ARQUA.

Petrarch was the son of a Florentine, who, like Dante, had been exiled from his native city. He was born at Arezzo, 1304, and he died at Arqua, near Padua, seventy years later. During the century, of which his life occupied the greater portion, he was the centre of Italian literature. Passionately attached to letters, and more especially to history and to poetry, and an enthusiastic admirer of antiquity, he imparted to his contemporaries, by his discourses, his writings, and his example, that taste for the recovery and study of Latin manuscripts, which so eminently distinguished the fourteenth century; which preserved the masterpieces of the classical authors, at the very moment when they were about to be lost forever; and gave a new impulse, by the imitation of those admirable models, to the progress of the human intellect.

Petrarch, tortured by the passion which has contributed so greatly to his celebrity, endeavoured, by travelling, during a considerable portion of his life, to escape from himself, and to change the current of his thoughts. He traversed France, Germany, and every part of Italy; he visited Spain; and, with incessant activity, directed his attention to the examination of the remains of antiquity. He became intimate with all the scholars, poets, and philosophers, from one end of Europe to the other, whom he inspired with his own spirit. While he imparted to them the object of his own labours, he directed their studies; and his correspondence became a sort of magical bond, which, for the first time, united the whole literary republic of Europe.

At the age in which he lived, that continent was divided into petty states, and sovereigns had not yet attempted to establish any of those colossal empires so dreaded by other nations. On the con-

trary, each country was divided into smaller sovereignties. The authority of many a prince did not extend above thirty leagues from the little town over which he ruled; while at the distance of a hundred, his name was unknown. In proportion, however, as political importance was confined, literary glory was extended; and Petrarch, the friend of the princes of Parma, of Milan, and of Padua, was better known and more respected throughout Europe than any of those petty sovereigns.

This universal reputation, to which his high acquirements entitled him, and of which he frequently made use in forwarding the interests of literature, he occasionally turned to account for political purposes. No man of letters, no poet, was, doubtless, ever charged with so many embassies to great potentates; to the Emperor, the Pope, the King of France, the Senate of Venice, and all the princes of Italy.

It is very remarkable that Petrarch did not fulfil these duties merely as a subject of the State which had committed its interests to his hands, but that he acted for the benefit of all Europe. He was intrusted with such missions on account of his reputation; and when he treated with the different princes, it was, as it were, in the character of an arbitrator, whose suffrage every one was eager to obtain, that he might stand high in the opinion of posterity.

The prodigious labours of Petrarch to promote the study of ancient literature, are, after all, his noblest title to glory. Such was the view in which they were regarded by the age in which he lived, and such also was his own opinion. His celebrity, notwithstanding, at the present day, depends much more on his lyrical poems than on his voluminous Latin compositions.

Never did passion burn more purely than in the love of Petrarch for Laura. He never expresses a single hope offensive to the purity of a heart which had been pledged to another. When Petrarch first beheld her, on the sixth of April, 1327, Laura was in the Church of Avignon. She was the daughter of Audibert de Noves, and wife of Hugues de Sade, both of Avignon. When she died of the plague, on the 6th of April, 1348, she had been the mother of eleven children. Petrarch has celebrated, in upwards of three hundred sonnets, all the little circumstances of this attachment; those precious favours which, after an acquaintance of fifteen or twenty years, consisted at most of a kind word, a glance not altogether severe. A momentary expression of regret or tenderness at his departure, or a deeper paleness at the idea of losing her beloved and constant friend.

Yet even these marks of an attachment so pure and unobtrusive, and which he had so often struggled to subdue, were repressed by the coldness of Laura. She avoided his presence, except at church, in the brilliant levees of the Papal Court, or in the country, where, surrounded by her friends, she is described by Petrarch as exhibiting the semblance of a queen, pre-eminent amongst them all in the grace of her figure and the brilliancy of her beauty.

It does not appear that, in the whole course of these twenty years, the poet ever addressed her, unless in the presence of witnesses. An interview with her alone would surely have been celebrated in a thousand verses; and, as he has left us four sonnets on the good fortune he enjoyed, in having an opportunity of picking up her glove, we may fairly presume that he would not have passed over in silence so happy a circumstance as a private interview.

There is no poet, in any language, so perfectly pure as Petrarch, so completely above all reproach of levity and immorality; and this merit, which is due equally to the poet and to his Laura, is still more remarkable, when we consider that the models which he followed were by no means entitled to the same praise. The Court of Avignon, at which Laura lived, the Babylon of the West, as the poet himself often terms it, was filled with the most shameful corruption; and even the Popes, more especially Clement V. and Clement VI., had afforded examples of great depravity.

For Laura, Petrarch had conceived a sort of religious and enthusiastic passion; such as mystics imagine they feel towards the Deity, and such as Plato supposes to be the bond of union between elevated minds. The poets, who have succeeded Petrarch, have amused themselves with giving representations of a similar passion, of which, in fact, they had little or no experience. Throughout Petrarch's whole life, we are in doubt whether it is of Laura, or of the laurel, that he is enamoured; so great is the emotion which he expresses, whenever he beholds the latter; so passionately does he mention it; and so frequently has he celebrated it in his verses.

The Latin compositions, upon which Petrarch rested his fame, and which are twelve or fifteen times as voluminous as his Italian writings, are now only read by the learned.

Petrarch was the friend and patron of the unfortunate Rienzi, who, in the fourteenth century, awakened for a moment the ancient spirit and fortunes of Rome. He appreciated the fine arts, as well as poetry; and he contributed to make the Romans acquainted with the rich monuments of antiquity, as well as with the manuscripts, which they possessed. His passions were tinctured with a sense of religion which induced him to worship all the glorious works of the Deity with which the earth abounds; and he believed that in the woman he loved he saw the messenger of that heaven which thus revealed to him its beauty. He enabled his contemporaries to estimate the full value of the purity of a passion, so modest and so religious as his own; while, to his countrymen, he gave a language worthy of rivalling those of Greece and of Rome, with which, by his means, they had become familiar. It was, it may be said, in the name of grateful Europe, that Petrarch, on the 8th of April, 1341, was crowned with laurel by the senators of Rome, in the Capitol; and this triumph, the most glorious which was ever decreed to man, was not disproportioned to the authority which this great poet was destined to maintain over future ages.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"Thou hast received gifts for men."—Ps. lxviii. 18.

Christmas gifts for thee,
Fair and free!
Precious things from the heavenly store,
Filling thy casket more and more;
Golden love in divinest chain,
That never can be untwined again.
Silvery carols of joy that swell
Sweetest of all in the heart's lone cell,
Pearls of peace that we sought for thee
In the terrible depths of a fiery sea,
Diamond promises sparkling bright,
Flashing in farthest-reaching light.

Christmas gifts for thee,
Grand and free!
Christmas gifts from the King of love,
Brought from His home above;
Brought to thee in the far-off land,
Brought to thee by His own dear hand.
Promises held by Christ for thee,
Peace as a river flowing free,
Joy that in His own joy must live,
And love that Infinite Love can give.
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts.

—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

"IT SHALL BE MEASURED TO YOU AGAIN."

BY E. S. C.

It had been an intensely hot day; even now, though dusk was falling, and the lamplighter was going his rounds, the heat was almost unbearable. Occasionally a low rumble of thunder made itself heard above the bustle and rush of the busy London street, and a flash of lightning would dance before the weary eyes of the men and women who were languidly dragging their tired limbs homewards after their day's work. At one corner a man was talking energetically to a handful of people, but not one in twenty of the pedestrians gave a second glance in his direction. As a boy, who had been attracted by the thought of a possible "row," remarked to his mate, "It was only some bloomin' mission cove."

Only a mission cove who, every night for months past, had taken his stand at this street corner, or the next, crying aloud a warning to the thoughtless, and a message of hope for the despairing. Sometimes he saw the success which crowned his efforts; oftener he did not. But his heart was full of tender, pitying love for these toilers who had no time to be sorry for themselves, and who had never known the rest and peace of God, and though his hair was prematurely white and his form bent with overwork and past sorrows, he laboured in his corner of the Master's vineyard with untiring patience and undying enthusiasm.

His hearers to-night were more indifferent than usual, but he talked on. His watchful eyes saw, standing in the gloomy front of an unoccupied shop, a young man whom he had noticed more than once before in the same place. He had never been able to speak to him, as he always disappeared during the last prayer. But to-night the missioner had a friend with him.

"You pray now," he said to his friend, getting off the chair from which he had been speaking. "There's a young fellow yonder I want to speak to," and he moved away.

Seemingly divining his intention, and desiring to evade him, the young man walked off at a smart pace, but his pursuer soon overtook him.

"Nay," he said, kindly; "don't run away from me again, my lad."

The other shook off the detaining hand and pushed his hat further over his eyes, but to no purpose. The missioner would make himself heard.

"You must listen to me," he said. "I won't let you ruin yourself body and soul. I am—"

"What business is it of yours?" interrupted the young man, roughly. "Stand aside, and let me pass."

"Never," firmly, "until you promise to give up these bad habits of yours." Both had come to a pause. The younger laughed grimly.

"I reckon you will be tired of waiting, then," he said.

"No, I won't. There is a service at the chapel in half an hour. Will you come in with me?"

"What chapel is it?"

"One of those you were brought up to attend—a Methodist."

"How do you know what I was brought up to?"

"My lad," with a hand again on his shoulder, "I know a great deal about you. I know your name; I knew your father and the sort of training you had. I don't know

what has made you go wrong since you left home, but I can guess, and I want to win you back."

"That is one of your mission dodges," cried the other harshly, striding on. "You don't know. My name is Jim King."

"It may please you to be known as Jim King," returned the missioner. "If it does I'll respect your wish. I can quite understand your desire to keep your father's honoured name from the lips of your present companions."

Jim King tossed back his hat, and turned a pair of flashing eyes on the missioner.

"If you dare to mention my father to me," he said fiercely, "I'll! I'll—"

"Hush!" gravely. "Just think of him for a minute; think how he's grieving over his youngest born. With what joy and high hopes he parted from you two years ago, and how terribly you have disappointed him. You know he always thought so much of you; of the splendid career yours would be; you had every advantage in things both temporal and spiritual, and—"

"And I have acted as though all this had not been," interrupted King, again. "I know it all, and you can hold your tongue. It's nothing to do with you."

"But it is something to do with me," persisted the missioner. "I want you to think of what you are doing, and where you are going; it is no good road you are travelling on; you must turn about. Come down to the chapel, and turn about to-night."

"I'm not going to the chapel," was the answer, harshly given.

"Then turn about without going to the chapel. The Lord is as ready to pardon in one place as in another, tenderly. "Come with me to my own room; it is not much of a place, but—" he paused, for Jim, with a sudden wrench, had freed himself, and was lost in the darkness, disappearing down a side street.

The missioner sighed deeply as he turned towards the chapel. He was always anxious about young men who had "gone wrong," but unusually so about this one. He had known him when he was a little fellow in petticoats; he had lost sight of him during his school days, but knew when he came to London to set out in life for himself. He had watched him unobtrusively in the first days when, fresh from his mother's prayers and his father's counsels, he had stuck to his work and had gone regularly on Sundays to the nearest Methodist chapel. He saw the first wrong step taken in the shape of gay companions; he himself was laid aside just then by sickness, and when he recovered was sent across to another circuit which needed a lay missioner.

After more than a year he noticed the young man once more, but how great a change there was in him! His face bore only too plainly the marks of dissipation; he no longer walked with his head up and a light springing step. He hurried along with his eyes on the ground, and his hat shading his face, for he was not anxious that his former friends should recognize him.

The missioner walked into the vestry with a heavy heart. Perhaps, he thought, if he had only spoken differently to the lad—for he was little more than a lad—he would have listened more kindly to him; he might even have followed him to the chapel, and, repenting of his sins, have claimed the free pardon which was waiting for him.

One of the officials bustled importantly out of the vestry as the missioner approached.

"Oh, here you are, brother," he exclaimed, "the supply is come. You haven't seen him, I suppose?"

The resident minister had been ill, and was ordered a long rest; consequently a supply had been obtained from the President's List of Reserve.

The missioner opened the vestry door, and came face to face with a tall, earnest-faced young minister, who was talking to the superintendent.

"Ah!" said the latter, turning as the door opened, "this is our lay missioner, Mr. ——."

But the others had already clasped hands in evident recognition.

"Mr. Edward!" cried the missioner. "It is surely not you!"

"It is indeed," replied the supply with a smile.

"Then—then—" stammered the missioner, "God Himself has surely sent you here."

"I believe so," gravely.

"Yes; but it is strange that you should have been sent here now. I parted from your brother only a few minutes ago," with a glance at the inattentive superintendent.

"My brother!" Two words with a world of expression in them.

"Yes, your brother; and he's down, Mr. Edward, down. For many nights past I've noticed him among the people at the open-air service. He did not know I saw him or he would not have come. To-night I went after him; I tried to get him to listen to me, to come to the service here, but—"

"But," repeated the supply, who was listening with painful interest.

"But he broke away," sadly. "Mr. Edward, we must rescue him somehow."

"Yes; but how? Do you know where he lives?"

"No, but I will try and find out. He is known as Jim King, he says. We will work together, sir."

"He is breaking my mother's heart," said the young minister, turning aside, but the superintendent put an end to further confidences by saying it was time for the service.

The superintendent invited the missioner and the supply to supper with him, and afterwards the two walked away together. In the younger man's lodgings they had a long talk on many matters, but chiefly on the erring brother. They laid down a plan by which to search for him; no effort should be spared to reclaim him.

"I will not rest," cried the young minister, as the missioner rose to go, "until I can write to my mother, and say that her boy is safe."

"Nor I," said the missioner, stepping out into the night.

The one spoke figuratively, the other literally.

Rain was pouring heavily now; the thunder had grown from a low rumble to crashing reports, while the lightning was startlingly vivid. Before he went to his humble home the missioner visited every "doss-house" in the vicinity. It was not the first time he had been there, and the managers knew him. He left a brief description of the object of his search with each, for he could find no trace of Jim King.

"I shall come every night for a week or two," said he. "Let me know if you see the young fellow."

He organized inquiries in his own way all round the neighbourhood, but though he and the supply did all in their power, they could not find the one for whom they looked. The missioner gave himself no rest. No matter how slight a clue he received, or how far he must tramp to prove it, he went, in all weathers and at all times. The superintendent remarked on his thinness and frailty, which were becoming more noticeable each day.

"He is working himself to death, sir," said the one who overheard the remark.

Thereupon the superintendent remonstrated with the missioner, but the latter shook his head with a smile.

"When my strength for the Master's work is exhausted, I shall die," said he; "but not before."

But as the winter advanced, he found he was unable to do as much work as before. He was obliged to take rest from his usual mission work, but he persisted in his search for Jim King.

The young minister was still supplying for the absent one, and grieving much for his brother, when one morning early in January, a note was brought to him as he sat in his study with a book before him. It contained only a few lines from the missioner, saying the lost was found, and bidding him be ready to come to the writer at any minute.

The summons came a week later, by telegraph. He found the address given him in a dirty back street close to Paddington Station. Here, in a tiny room, bare of all but necessaries, was the missioner, looking paler and weaker than ever.

"I am glad you have come," he said to his visitor. "Sit down and I'll tell you all about it."

"Where is he, first?" in unconcealed anxiety.

"He will be here presently. Let me tell my tale first. You know how we laboured in our search for him; in the end I met him quite by accident; I ran against him in the street. He remembered me, and would not speak. But I would not let him go out of my sight; I followed him to his lodging, a miserable, dirty little place you could hardly stand upright in. He tried to bang the door in my face, but I went in.

"I pleaded with him; how I pleaded! It was no good; he laughed in my face. Then I spoke of your father—he dared me to utter his name; I spoke of your mother—he did not open his lips. Then I spoke of you, and, oh! Mr. Edward, if you had seen him! It went to my heart. He lifted his haggard young face, and seemed as if he would strike me.

"'Don't speak of him!' he cried. 'I can't bear it.'

"I told him how you were searching for him, and—lad, he thinks the world of you—that broke him down. In five minutes he was sobbing like a child. I spoke to him of the Saviour, who was also looking for him, and longing for him, but he wouldn't listen to that."

He paused for a moment; a peaceful expression of absolute content spread over his face.

"Even my weakness adds to His glory," he resumed, softly; "for it was while I lay sick, and your brother was caring for me, that he opened his heart to God, and confessed his sorrow for the past. The blessed Lord forgave him, as He forgives every repentant sinner," with eyes aglow with an inner radiance. "That was a week ago, sir. I've found him, and the Lord has saved him, but you must look after him."

"With you to help me," said the young minister, huskily.

"With no help but His," answered the other, leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed. A moment later he added, as though to himself,

"O that without a lingering groan
I may the welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live."

The door opened, and as the brothers met with many strangely-mixed feelings the missioner slipped unheeded from the chair to the floor. When they raised him "he was not; for God took him."

. . . . . .

In a far-away country circuit

town a prominent business man sat at his desk in his office, reading a letter from his elder son. One paragraph he read again and again.

"Our thanks for my dear brother's rescue are due first to God, but then to the lay missioner, Jones, who was with you in business, when we were children. His anxiety has been almost painful; he exhausted his whole strength in seeking your son for your sake first, and then for his own, but ever giving the glory to his beloved Master. He died quite suddenly and painlessly in his own room, while I and my brother were greeting each other. His last words were your own favourite verse, 'O that without a lingering groan,' etc. He is to be buried the day after to-morrow."

The fire burned cheerily, and recalled to the occupant of the big chair a day many years before, when he, then, as now, the Circuit Steward, had received a visit from the minister relative to the man spoken of in the letter, Jones, the ex-convict."

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

The Circuit Steward started. The minister's words repeated themselves so forcibly that it seemed almost as though they were spoken aloud.

He read the letter once more.

"Lord," he murmured, as he laid it down, "I thank thee that thou didst lead me to measure as I did, for verily it has been measured to me again."—Methodist Recorder.

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

When Rome in her imperial pride,
With conquering banners all unfurled,
Had spread her haughty conquests wide,
And sat sole empress of the world;
Her dream was full—her throne at length
Seemed girt with universal strength.

On her seven hills, in glittering state,
Temple and palace shine afar;
There dwell her mighty ones and great—
Her nobles and her men of war;
And all her streets resound with mirth,
For Rome is mistress of the earth.

Far off in Judah's captive land,
Where bards and prophets once have trod,
There lingers yet a broken band—
A race forsaken of its God;
But from this race a King shall rise
To sway all earthly destinies.

The fulness of the time—foretold
In vision, song, and prophecy,
By all the holy men of old—
The fulness of the time draws nigh,
When Jacob's Star with light divine
O'er the bewildered race shall shine.

It was a night when earth was still;
The heavens in silent splendour shone;
The winds breathed low on every hill,
And stars looked down on mountains lone,
Till all Judea, rough and wild,
In strange and dreamy beauty smiled.

Away amid the lonely hills
The gentle shepherds watched their sheep,
And heard the tinkling mountain rills
Make music on the rocky steep;
Till on their ear, from heights above,
The angels poured their song of love.

This night in Bethlehem's lowly shed,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The Prince of Peace, earth's sovereign head,
Mightier than all her men of war,
Is born of woman—born to share
A human mother's love and care.

The rolling centuries come and go,
And Christ's dominion stretches on:
His empire, silently and slow,
Rises o'er empires lost and gone;
His march is strong—His conquests sure—
His kingdom founded to endure.

Reign, reign, O King, with ampler power!
Happy the land that feels Thy sway!
Bring in that bright and joyous hour,
When earth Thy sceptre shall obey!
When heathen tribes, in gladsome awe,
And sea-girt isles shall own Thy law.

AMONG THE LOWLY.—KATE.

BY ALIQUIS.

A girl, but you would tremble to call her such, admitting her kinship with your own; the marks of poverty and want were upon her, and that indescribable look that is nothing human, the aspect of the hungry wolf, sat upon her countenance. Whence came she? From the streets of a great city; is not that enough? Such as she have no antecedents; they have a cause of being—society—and that explains it all. When we purify our system the type will disappear.

The police knew her as Kate, the child-vagrant; child, for she was stunted in growth; in years she was near womanhood. The good matron received her as Kate, the untaught; for never had gross ignorance been so plainly read upon the face of an inmate of the great Institution.

Some shrewdness was there, the result of her mode of living. She had been clever enough to escape capture many times; it was almost an accident that brought her into the hands of the law on this occasion. But when, later, Miss E—— reported upon the chance of winning one more fellow-creature back to, or for the first time into, respectability, it was with the almost despairing words, "She knows absolutely nothing."

Yet Kate was not an imbecile; indeed, good substantial food gradually drove out the wolf, and the great eyes at the same time began to take on a look of intelligence. Who could tell just what was passing in the mind, as day after day passed in the regular routine of the Institution under a system that was justly the pride of the whole province. Certainly Kate could not; kindness she had never known before, and she had no word to express it. Her acknowledgment she intimated by being passively obedient, and she even tried to do some little credit to her teacher, and learn something.

Companionship with those who were honestly attempting to become fitted for respectable society finally had its effect on Kate; she spoke little, but gathered in everything; giving evidence now and then to her teacher that she was absorbing knowledge, storing it up, as it were, till such time as it might be useful to her. But who could tell whether the girl was really desirous of reforming or not? No one. Kate had not given any evidence of soul.

Then one day a good lady spoke to the girls; a lady whose name was widely known, who had the divine gift of oratory, wrapped up in her work, a labour of love. On one theme especially she was most eloquent. How could she be otherwise? It was poetry itself; a mother's love. And this day the gentle speaker appealed to the filial instincts of her hearers; there was no denying that they had sinned; she would not dwell upon the point, yet it must not be avoided. They had strayed, but might return; and there was not one but would bring sunshine into some heart by her repentance; either into some heart still throbbing with love, or if not that, then some angel in heaven would rejoice.

"Not one of us, but is, or has been, if only for a little while—somebody's darling." This was the strain of the good lady's address; the intense humanness of it all went to every heart—but Kate's. So at least it seemed, for

Kate sat silent and sullen, and betrayed no emotion, while her teacher, watching closely, fancied that the wolf was returning, the hungry, longing look was settling on her countenance again. What was wrong?

The girls were dismissed, and the good teacher sought this waif, whose heart was steeled against the tenderest appeal that one soul can make to another. In her own room, they two together, she would make one more effort to find the soul in Kate. Sullen still and hungry looking, she approached slowly to her teacher's side; then the look of tender sympathy was too much even for the creature from the streets, and with a wail of agony that chilled to the very heart, she sobbed, sinking to her knees, "Oh, Miss E——, I was never anybody's darling; I never belonged to anybody!"

She hungered, not for ownership, but to be owned! Not one had she ever known to love her; more than this, not one to whom she was akin. It was the utter solitude of her state, through which the soul could not pierce. Others had in her hearing spoken of their people; she had no people; had spoken of their childhood, of days of innocence; she had never been a child, but a waif only, always.

No easy matter was it to soothe a heart so troubled as this. And how sad it was! The poor creature had kept her sorrow to herself, to the last; till nature broke down; when had such another case entered into the teacher's experience? Never; it was a new sorrow, this heart longing to be owned. Many an anxious day was spent before the work of saving this poor soul from itself was accomplished. But kindness can do a great deal, and eventually the wolf disappeared entirely from the face, and the brooding vanished. Perhaps in its lowest depths the heart was still yearning, but a quiet peace reigned over all.

. . . . . .

Some years later and Miss E—— was running over the list of those who had "done well." Much gratified she was, the percentage was high; unvarnished facts would be presented in this coming report that would reflect more credit than ever upon the great Institution.

Among her letters was one she would open and read at leisure, to thoroughly enjoy it. Her work done, she took it up. It was from Kate; she knew the school-girl hand, and "would she come to see her, she had been married some time now." Hardly a word more, nothing to tell whether in this Kate had continued to do well or the reverse. But Miss E—— would lose no time in finding out for herself. She would go to see Kate. Yes, indeed.

. . . . . .

"Such a pretty place, surely she is happy here." And shortly the kindly greeting, "I am so glad you have come." Her husband would not be in for some time; that was his picture. ("An honest face, if looks tell anything," thought Miss E——.) But she would show her how she was prospering. The pretty little garden, the trim arrangement of the household, these were evidences of thrift, yet not of happiness. Then a tiny cry from another room, and Kate gently drew her visitor in, to see a little crib wherein there lay a replica of the picture on the wall.

What she had never known, now she was; and as she raised the little form lovingly to be seen, a flush of joy lit up the face, the very face from which the wolf had once so scowlingly looked out, and she whispered softly, "I never belonged to anybody, *but he belongs to me.*"

Toronto.

SOME CURIOUS BEHAVIOURS OF ATOMS.

BY BISHOP WARREN.

Ultimate atoms of matter are asserted to be impenetrable. That is, if a mass of them really touched each other, that mass would not be condensible by any force. But atoms of matter do not touch. It is thinkable but not demonstrable that condensation might go on till there was no discernible substance left, only force.

Matter exists in three states—solid, liquid, and gas. It is thought that all matter may be passed through the three stages; iron being capable of being volatilized, and gases condensed to liquids and solids, the chief difference of these states being greater or less distance between the constituent atoms and molecules. In gas, the particles are distant from each other like gnats flying in the air; in liquids, distant as men passing in a busy street; in solids, as men in a congregation, so sparse that each can easily move about. The congregation can easily disperse to the rarity of those walking in the street, and the men in the street condense to the density of the congregation. So, matter can change in going from solids to liquids and gases, or vice versa. The behaviour of atoms in the process is surpassingly interesting.

Gold changes its density and therefore its thickness between the two dies of the mint that make it money. How do the particles behave as they snuggle up closer to each other?

Take a piece of iron and bend it. The atoms on the inner side become nearer together, those on the outside farther apart. Twist it. The outer particles revolve on each other; those of the middle do not move. They assume and maintain their new relations.

Hang a weight on a wire. It does not stretch like a rubber thread, but it stretches. Eight wires were tested as to their tensile strength. They gave an average of forty-five pounds, and an elongation averaging nineteen per cent. of the total length. Then a wire of the same kind was given time to adjust itself to its new and trying circumstances. Forty pounds were hung on one day, three pounds more the next day, and so on, increasing the weights by diminishing quantities till in sixty days it carried fifty-seven pounds. So it seems that exercise strengthened the wire nearly twenty-seven per cent.

While those atoms are hustling about, lengthening the wire and getting a better grip on one another, they grow warm with the exercise. Hold a thick rubber-band against your lip—suddenly stretch it. The lip easily perceives the greater heat. After a few moments let it contract. The greater coldness is equally perceptible.

A wire suspending thirty-nine pounds, being twisted ninety-five full turns lengthened itself 1-1,600 of its length. Being further twisted by twenty-five turns it shortened itself one-fourth of its previous elongation. During the twisting some sections took far more torsion than others. A steel wire supporting thirty-nine pounds was twisted 120 times and then allowed to untwist at will. It let out only thirty-eight turns and retained eighty-two in the new permanent relation of particles. A wire has been known to accommo-

date itself to nearly 1,400 twists, and still the atoms did not let go of each other. They slid about on each other as freely as the atoms of water, but they still held on. It is easier to conceive of these atoms sliding about, making the wire thinner and longer, when we consider that it is the opinion of our best physicists that molecules made of atoms are never still. Masses of matter may be still, but not the constituent elements. They are always in intensest activity, like a mass of bees, those inside coming out, outside ones going in, but the mass remains the same.

The atoms of water behave extraordinarily. I know of a boiler and pipes for heating a house. When the fire was applied and the temperature was changed from that of the street to 200 degrees, it was easy to see that there was a whole barrel more of it than when it was let into the boiler. It had been swollen by the heat, but it was nothing but water.

Mobile, flexible, and yielding as water seems to be, it has an obstinacy quite remarkable. It was for a long time supposed to be absolutely incompressible. It is nearly so. A pressure that would reduce air to one-hundredth of its bulk would not discernibly affect water. Put a ton's weight on a cubic inch of water; it does not flinch nor perceptibly shrink, yet the atoms of water do not fill the space they occupy. They object to being crowded. They make no objection to having other matter come in and possess the space unoccupied by them.

Air so much enjoys its free, agile state, leaping over hills and plains, kissing a thousand flowers, that it greatly objects to being condensed to a liquid. First we must take away all the heat. Two hundred and ten degrees of heat changes water to steam filling 1,728 times as much space. No amount of pressure will condense steam to water unless the heat is removed. So take heat away from air till it is more than 200 degrees below zero, and then a pressure of about 200 atmospheres (14.7 pounds each) changes common air to fluid. It fights desperately against condensation, growing hot with the effort, and it maintains its resilience for years at any point of pressure short of the final surrender that gives up to become liquid.

Perhaps some time we shall have the pure air of the mountains or the sea condensed to fluid and sold by the quart to the dwellers in the city, to be expanded into air once more.

The marvel is not greater that gas is able to sustain itself under the awful pressure with its particles in extreme dispersion, than that what we call solids should have their molecules in a mazy dance and yet keep their strength.

Since this world, in power, fineness, finish, beauty, and adaptations not only surpasses our accomplishment but also is past our finding out to its perfection, it must have been made by One stronger, finer, and wiser than we are.—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

O holy trust! O endless sense of rest!
Like the beloved John,
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on!

—*Longfellow.*

RHODA ROBERTS.

A WELSH MINING STORY.

BY HARRY LINDSAY.

Author of "Methodist Idylls," etc.

CHAPTER XLI.—Continued.

"Send for more officers at once," urged Edward, "or something awful will happen."

"Yes. Rake's a terror when the fit's on him," said Superintendent James. "See the passion he got into! He knows his power to-night, and that we've no chance to cope with him as we are; those fellows he has brought with him would murder us as soon as look at us if we showed fight."

"Then lose no time," again urged Edward, "to send for more men."

Suddenly the little group of officials perceived an unusual movement amongst the crowd, and a dozen men rushed forward, bearing their torches on high. Rake Swinton was at the head of them.

"Rake!" cried Edward, springing forward, "what are you going to do?"

"Form an opinion of my own," said Rake, savagely. "That fellow there," pointing towards the detective, "has none, though he's bin at it for years."

"What!" exclaimed Edward, scarcely comprehending him.

"We're going to get inside there," he replied, pointing threateningly towards the door of the Trethyn Arms. "Now, lads, at it!"

"Stay," said Edward, yet once more endeavouring to detain him. "To do so is illegal. Wait a little; a magistrate's order has been sent for."

"Magistrate's order be bothered!" exclaimed Rake; "I give the order here. At it, lads! Hew the door down."

Three or four men at once rushed towards the door and dealt it some ponderous blows with huge planks of wood, the only available implements they could find; but the door withstood all the mighty shocks made on it.

"Has anyone a mandril?" cried one of the men; but as none was forthcoming, the desperate fellows were forced to renew their onslaughts on the door by means of the planks. Again and again they sent the planks of wood shattering against the door, but without the smallest visible effect.

"It's no use, lads. The thing's cast iron. We must try the windows."

"No use trying to break through the lower window," shouted a Nettonite, who had before spoken of the door being lined with sheet iron; "try the bedroom windows."

Nevertheless one of the men did try the lower window, and sent his plank shattering through both the glass and the wooden framework. The inside shutters, however, resisted the blow, and seemed immovable.

"Let it go, lads," shouted Rake. "Try above!"

With the agility of a monkey, one of the men instantly commenced to climb up the spouting which led the rain from the roof; in a few moments the climber was holding on to the sill with one hand, and the next resting the full weight of his body upon it. A huge stick was thrown up to him by someone in the crowd, which he caught deftly with one hand. The next moment he had shattered every pane of glass in the window, and was unfastening the hasp with his free hand, in order to be able to throw up the sash, when suddenly the figure of a man appeared at the window. It was Stephen Grainger. Though dozens of torches were lit below, it was too dark where he stood for any one in the crowd to recognize his face; but his form was too well known to be mistaken. The climber, however, recognized his face, and said afterwards that at that moment it wore a ghastly hue, and stood out from the black darkness as white chalk, while his eyes rolled and protruded frightfully. Only a moment, however, Stephen Grainger stood at the window before he attacked the man on the window-sill, and beat him

about the head and hands with a great stick mercilessly.

The throng below had watched this scene with fearful interest, and now broke out into loud yells of execration. A ladder was now placed against the wall, up which, with swift feet and a very fury of madness, hastened two or three men. But they were not destined to enter the house. At the window Stephen Grainger again appeared, and, himself throwing up the sash, seized the ladder with both hands and hurled it to the ground amidst a scene of wildest excitement.

"Burn the place to the ground!" yelled an angry voice, and immediately an ugly rush was made to execute the diabolical suggestion. Edward, Detective Carlyle and the other officers darted forward to prevent the dire work, and at that point succeeded, but the place was doomed; soon from the rear of the building crackling flames were heard, and the night breezes quickly fanned them into a mighty roaring fire.

"They've accomplished their fell work after all," cried the detective.

"But Grainger—how about Stephen Grainger?" asked Edward anxiously.

Superintendent James answered, for the detective had chased round to the back of the building to see what he could do to get the fire out.

"Unless he ventures out he is doomed," he said.

"But," cried Edward, "he will be burned alive."

"Let him," said a voice close to his ear; "it's no more'n he deserves."

Edward looked round quickly, and saw that it was Rake Swinton who spoke. A great shuddering went through his blood and bones.

"Rake," he was beginning; but Rake did not wait to listen. He was worked up into a white heat of rage, and was running about and shouting like a very madman.

"Heave the ladder up again, lads," he cried to his men, and a dozen willing hands soon reared it once more against the building.

"Look out, Rake!" shouted some of the men, as Rake placed his foot on the first rung of the ladder; "the whole place is on fire. Have a care, Rake, have a care!"

Disregarding these friendly warnings, and with a cry of impatience, Rake hurriedly mounted the ladder. Soon he was standing on the window-sill and clutching the framework of the window firmly. In that position it would require all Grainger's strength to overcome him or to beat him back. But this time no Stephen Grainger appeared, and in another moment Rake had unfastened the bolt, thrown up the window-sash, and entered the house, while a great shout went up from the assembled multitude outside.

Meanwhile the flames continued to spread and roar, and fear fell upon the bystanders for Rake's safety.

But Rake had no fears for himself, and in the fury of his madness was totally oblivious to all personal risk or danger. On entering through the window he had run from room to room seeking Grainger. One room-door was locked, and, stepping back a few paces from it, he threw himself against it with mighty force, smashing the lock and sending the door flying open before him. But it was not Stephen Grainger he found in the room—it was another—another lying on the floor before him with upturned, ghastly face, with outstretched hands, and hair matted with blood. Bold as he was, and furious, Rake Swinton started and paused. For several brief moments he could scarcely credit his senses, but soon he stooped down and examined the dead man's face.

"It's the lan'lor' himself!" he exclaimed. "Can Stephen Grainger have done this, and be this the meanin' of the closed doors?"

Rising from his knees and pulling the door after him with a great bang, Rake ran downstairs and searched through the rooms on the ground-floor. The rooms were filled with smoke, and the bar in flames. Reckless, however, of danger, Rake went lower down still, down into the underground cellar of the building, where the barrels of beer were kept. In a corner of the cellar was a litter of straw and firewood, and Rake, scarcely noticing it, was turning disappointed from the room again, when a sudden rustling of the litter of straw attracted his attention. Approaching it, he kicked it with his foot, and at once became aware that someone was hiding beneath it. Without a moment's hesitation Rake dragged the straw into the middle of the room, when lo! lying there, cowering, trembling, and terrified, was Stephen Grainger.

"So I've found you at last," Rake

hissed between clenched teeth, and then fell upon the trembling figure in a very whirlwind of rage. The sudden onslaught, however, roused all Grainger's spirit, and the next moment the two men were struggling fiercely together in the middle of the room. Not for long, however, for cleverly extricating himself from the burly miner's embrace, Stephen Grainger dashed from the room and up the already burning staircase, hotly followed by Rake Swinton.

It was at this moment that Detective Carlyle, running round from the back again, where all his efforts to extinguish the fire had proved futile and vain, discovered the ladder again erected against the burning building.

"Who's in?" he demanded.

"Rake Swinton," said Edward, "but you must not venture, Mr. Carlyle. It is too dangerous now, and we are fearing for Rake."

"If Rake's in I'm going too," replied the detective, and at once ran up the ladder and disappeared from view.

"Superintendent!" cried Edward excitedly, "can nothing be done to rescue Rake Swinton and Detective Carlyle? They will soon perish in those flames."

But as yet neither Rake nor the detective were in absolute danger, excepting the danger of being suffocated with the smoke. Although the flooring of the room in which they were both kneeling was beginning to give way in places to the fire, they were within a few feet of the window and the ladder. At the present moment, however, they were both more concerned in listening to Stephen Grainger's words than thinking of their own personal safety. Lying gasping almost his last breath, Stephen Grainger was explaining all the past mystery connected with the Trethyn estate to the detective, who was hastily writing down his words in a note-book, while Rake was glaring savagely beside him. Stephen Grainger was lying coatless and vestless, while round his neck were his braces. When, a few minutes before, he had raced from the cellar up to the bedroom, he had succeeded in gaining the room in time to close and lock the door in Rake Swinton's face, and in the little time that had elapsed in Rake's effecting an entrance the unhappy man had attempted to destroy himself.

"Is that all?" Detective Carlyle asked presently.

The dying man merely closed his eyes and did not answer.

"He's dead!" said Rake.

Detective Carlyle placed his hand over Stephen Grainger's heart.

"Yes," he said a few moments afterwards. "His heart has ceased to beat. But look out, Rake. Jump for it!"

He had only called out in time, for that part of the flooring on which they were standing began to creak and give way beneath their feet, and they had only time to reach the door before it gave way altogether, launching Grainger's body into the roaring flames below.

"Quick, for your life!" shouted the detective, hastening towards the open window and the ladder. The next moment he was balancing himself on the already shaky window-sill and crying cautiously to Rake, "Be careful—the whole place is tottering!" Saying the words, he stepped quickly on to the ladder and hastened to the ground.

But for some reason or other Rake did not immediately follow him, and on looking up Mr. Carlyle saw him standing fearlessly on the window-sill above.

"Rake!" he shouted, and a hundred other voices joined in his cry, "Rake! Rake! Look out! Quick, man!"

It was too late. Rake had lingered too long. With his old recklessness he had hastened by his own weight the catastrophe. Suddenly, and with a loud crash, the front part of the walling gave way, precipitating with it Rake Swinton to the ground. It was with great difficulty that willing hands got Rake Swinton out from beneath the fallen ruins. He was not dead, but dreadfully bruised, mangled and unconscious. Not dead, but this fearful accident contributed to it.

CHAPTER XLII.

RAKE SWINTON'S AWFUL DEATH.

It was day-dawn before Edward got back to Trethyn. He found all the household still up, and in an intense state of excitement on account of his long absence. All night long they had watched for his home-coming, and not one of them had gone to bed, though the ladies had taken turns in lying on the sofa, and thus snatching a few broken moments'

rest. Once during the night Sir Charles had ventured as far as the park gates alone, with the object of making inquiries, but he found all still and quiet as the grave, and no one about, and thus had to return to the Manor again no wiser than he left it. Early in the morning, however, Edward came home. He was tired, smoke-begrimed, and woe-begone, and altogether his appearance gave cause for apprehension to his friends, who plied him with question after question.

"But have you people not been to bed?"

"Dear Edward, how could we," said Lady Trethyn, "when you were out, and in possible danger?"

"Personally," said Edward, "I've been in no danger, though there was great danger all around me."

"Tell us what has happened," said Lady Hettie.

"After you've all rested," said Edward, "and after I've washed and rested, I will tell you everything. Now, however, to bed, every one of you."

"But," said Sir Charles, "is Grainger taken?"

"No."

"Not?"

"It's a long story," said Edward, "and to tell it now would only excite the ladies too much——"

"Then it is an exciting story?" queried Lady Hettie.

"Dreadfully so," said Edward with a shudder, "but now to bed. I cannot allow my guests to thus endanger their healths."

But still Edward's guests stood round him, eagerly questioning him and endeavouring to elicit all the information they could.

"I will give you the general facts of the story then," said Edward at last, "but the details I must keep until after breakfast. In the first place, though Grainger isn't taken, he'll never trouble us more."

He said the words with so grave an accent and in so solemn a manner that not one of them but guessed the truth.

"Is he dead?" they cried in chorus.

"Dead!" answered Edward solemnly, "dead by his own act."

For a moment or so the ladies stood shocked beyond description, and were quite unable to reply.

"He has died a suicide's death," said Edward.

"How did it——?"

"Details after breakfast," said Edward, firmly interrupting Lady Hettie's questioning. "The next fact is that our old servant, our old butler, Thomas, is also dead."

"Oh, how fearful!" cried the ladies.

"Surely it has been a night of tragedy!" exclaimed Lady Hettie.

"A most terrible night of tragedy," said Edward.

"Has Thomas committed suicide too?" asked Sir Charles.

"No," replied Edward, with even more solemnity than he had used before. "Thomas has been murdered."

"Murdered!" shrieked the ladies in chorus, and Sir Charles Montgomery's face betrayed his great surprise.

"Brutally and foully murdered," said Edward.

"By whom?" asked they all.

"Of course," said Edward, "the affair has not yet been inquired into, but there can be no doubt as to who is the murderer. All the evidence points to Stephen Grainger as the murderer."

"Stephen Grainger?"

"Hush!" said Edward; "you see how you are all exciting yourselves. It was my wish not to tell you these things until after you had slept. The next fact is that Trethyn Arms has been burnt to the ground."

"Well, these are amazing things to tell us," said Sir Charles, and all in the room echoed his statement.

"They are nevertheless facts," said Edward. "Half the people of Trethyn have been over to Netton——"

"That accounts for the place being so deserted," said Sir Charles, "when I went to the park gates to see if I could learn anything of you or as to the cause of your long absence."

"How the rumour reached Trethyn that Grainger was supposed to be in Netton," said Edward, "I'm at a loss to know, but it did reach here, and hundreds and hundreds of people from here hastened over to Netton. They surrounded the Trethyn Arms, and took the law into their own hands. Grainger had barricaded himself in the Trethyn Arms, and when they found there was no other means of getting at him they set fire to the place and burnt it to the ground."

"While he was in it?" asked Sir Charles.

"Yes, but he was dead before the fire reached him."

"Then he committed suicide to escape the fire?"

"Hardly that," said Edward, "and yet perhaps there was something of that in it, too. But now the rest must wait until we've all rested."

After breakfast Mr. Detective Carlyle called, and had a long and private interview with Edward in the study. Towards ten o'clock the detective left the Manor, and was overheard to say to Edward as he bade him good-morning:

"Very well, sir. I will see Mr. Jeffries at once, and communicate these facts to him."

"After that you'll run up to London?" Edward was heard to say.

"Yes, immediately; and I promise you to bring Mr. Arthur Bourne down here along with me. If he comes peaceably, well; if not, so much the worse for him."

A few hours later they were all seated in the drawing-room for the hundredth time discussing over again all the facts and circumstances of the last night's tragedy, when Sir Charles Montgomery asked Edward if anything had been discovered of Stephen Grainger's antecedents.

For several moments Edward remained silent, leaving the question unanswered.

"You see," said Sir Charles, "if all knowledge has died with him—of course, I mean all knowledge relating to himself——"

"I quite understand you, Sir Charles," said Edward, "and I may say at once that Detective Carlyle has managed to learn a good deal about Stephen Grainger's history, besides other facts concerning—concerning—well, I don't know but that I ought to wait until the detective himself is able to make a statement. You see, he is not yet quite certain of some of his facts."

"Do you intend calling to see how Rake Swinton is to-day?" asked Nellie.

"Yes," said Edward, "I shall look in after dinner. I fear there'll not be much hope for him, poor fellow."

"I was thinking," said Nellie, "that I would like to accompany you."

"You!" exclaimed Edward in surprise.

"Yes; why not?"

"Rake Swinton's home is no fit place for you to visit, Nellie."

"He is ill," said Nellie impressively, "and I am sure I could do something for him."

"Nellie is used to visiting the sick," said Sir Charles, "and if it is her wish now to go with you, Edward, best grant it."

"But Rake is such an uncouth individual," said Edward. "He is so very rough and loud-spoken——"

"You forget," said Nellie, "that his condition now will be altogether different from that when he is well."

It was therefore agreed that Nellie should accompany Edward to Rake Swinton's house to inquire how he fared.

Now it so happened that at the very same hour in which the two set out for Rake's house, Rhoda Roberts also set out from her home for the same destination, and on the same errand. It was therefore nothing very wonderful that Nellie and Edward, going quietly along together, should chance to meet Rhoda at the cross-roads. But, chance meeting as it was, it strangely affected Edward and Rhoda, and made the hot blood rush to both of their faces in a very marked degree.

"Good evening, Rhoda."

"Good evening, Mr. Trethyn."

Mr. Trethyn! How the words irritated and annoyed him. Mr. Trethyn from Rhoda. He had never thought it would come to this. Somehow he had imagined that much the same familiarity would exist between them as formerly. But already he was being undeceived. Instead of the old familiarity there was a respectful deference for his person and station. He could not help feeling annoyed, but he was too much of a gentleman to show it.

"This is Miss Montgomery—Miss Rhoda Roberts."

The two young ladies acknowledged each other with courteous bow, and then shook hands, and even in that little scene Edward could not help noticing the grace and dignity with which Rhoda performed her part of the ceremony. "I was just going to visit Rake Swinton," said Rhoda.

"Well, that is a coincidence," said Edward; "we are bent on the same errand."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Rhoda, and Edward fancied he detected a degree of pleasant surprise in the word. "He is very ill, I'm told."

"He could not be otherwise," said Edward, "after the dreadful fall he had. For my part, I can't see that he can ever get better."

"That is also Dr. Shearer's opinion," said Rhoda. "I met him on the road. He was just coming from Rake's, and I stopped the doctor and asked him."

"Ah, well," said Edward, "if Shearer has given him up he hasn't much chance, poor fellow."

Arrived at the house, they knocked gently at the door, but were instantly answered by a loud, harsh voice crying, "Come in!"

Lifting the latch, they at once stepped from the street into the kitchen, a bare-looking, cheerless place indeed, the only articles of furniture of which were two broken chairs, a small round table, and a plate-shelf, on which stood a few cracked dishes. A woman of perhaps forty years was sitting at the low fire doing—nothing.

"Well, what do you please to want?" she asked, only moving one of her hands from her head, and looking up sideways into the faces of her visitors.

"We've called to see Rake," said Rhoda. "How is he to-day?"

"Mortal bad," answered Rake's wife, for such was the woman, and she spoke in the same harsh, loud voice.

"Is he upstairs?"

"Yes, but he don't want you there, Rhoda Roberts. Rake's not one of your chapel folks, and he never was a praying man."

"But, Mary," said Rhoda, who knew the woman well, "you've surely no objection to my seeing Rake?"

"Not I," she replied carelessly. "I've no objection. You can go up for me, but I'm certain Rake won't thank you."

Just then an angry voice was heard calling from above:

"Mary, who is there?"

"Seth's gal, come to see you," answered his wife, while Nellie shuddered at the sound of the angry voice. "Will you have her up?"

"Ay, if she likes," replied Rake; "she's as good a wench as is in Trethyn, or anywhere else, an' I don't mind seein' her."

Almost before the words had left his mouth Rhoda was mounting the stairs, Mary Swinton calling out to her:

"Front room, Rhoda."

Edward and Nellie did not go up just then. Edward had been quick to notice Nellie's fear when Rake had shouted downstairs, and he thought it best for Nellie to wait until Rhoda (who was used to such scenes) had calmed Rake a little. So, lifting forward one of the chairs, he asked Nellie to be seated, and then he turned to Mary Swinton.

"Is Rake short of anything?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" growled the woman.

"Mr. Trethyn means," said Nellie, "that he will be glad to find anything Rake, your husband, needs during his illness. There must be lots of little things that you could get for him if you had money."

Now the woman was all alert.

"Mr. Trethyn, did ye say? Is this Squire Trethyn?"

"Yes," said Edward, unbuttoning his coat, "that's just who it is, and no one else."

"I ax your pardon, then," said the woman; "I didn't know you at all. Will ye take this chair, sir?" rising from her own and briskly brushing it with her blue apron.

Edward preferred to stand.

"No, no," he said, "you keep seated. What has Rake had to eat to-day?"

"Nothin' worth speakin' of," she replied. "I don't know as how he'd eat anythin' if I had money to get it. He's mortal bad, sir."

"You are short of money, then?" queried Edward.

The woman smiled sickly.

"Short o' money! Oh! that's nothing, sir. We're allus short of money here."

"But Rake earns good wages," said Edward.

"'Spose he does," said the woman, "but he doesn't bring them home here. They go into the lan'lor' of the Star and Garter's pockets."

"He drinks?"

"Like a fish, sir. He's always the worse for liquor. Just go upstairs and see him now if you want to know what he is."

But Edward did not yet desire to ascend the stairs, for the debating voices above (the sounds of which could be distinctly heard in the kitchen) warned him that the time was not then opportune. Besides, he wanted to be of some service to this woman. So he lingered in the kitchen a while longer, questioning her and assisting her.

While Edward is talking with Mary Swinton, therefore, let us creep upstair and see what is going on.

Half-seated and half-reclining in the bed, gaunt, cadaverous-looking, sickly and unwashed, Rake was handling a pack of dirty playing-cards. Plainly the accident had told upon him terribly, but there was a certain air of defiance in his face altogether out of harmony with his state and condition.

"How are you to-day?" asked Rhoda on entering.

"I b'lieve I'm clean done for, Rhoda," Rake replied.

"Oh, you mustn't say that!" exclaimed Rhoda; "we must hope for the best."

"There is no best to a chap bruised like I am," he said; but neither his voice nor his manner were those of a dying man.

"But think," said Rhoda, "of the wonderful cures the doctors here work almost every week upon poor men hurt underground."

"Yes, I know," said Rake, "but look'ee, Rhoda, there's no hope for me. I tell you I know I'm going to die. I feel it in my bones and blood."

Rhoda sat down on a chair beside the bed, and there were tears in her eyes when next she spoke.

"It is very sad to hear you say this," she said.

"It's the truth," said Rake with emphasis.

"If so," she said, "have you got any hope for the life beyond this?"

"Now, Rhoda," he cried suddenly and angrily, "no preaching, you know."

"Let me take away these playing cards," said Rhoda, for the things had been offending her since the moment she entered. "These things are not the things for a dying man to be handling."

"Rhoda," he almost yelled, and in his pain and exhaustion it was remarkable where his strength to cry so loud came from, "leave them where they be. I won't have them moved."

In his anger he grabbed the cards from Rhoda's hand, and they fell scattered over the counterpane and on the floor near the bed.

"Well," said Rhoda, humouring him, and sitting down on her chair again, "I won't touch them if you don't wish it, but surely in this awful crisis of your life—the final crisis if what you say be true—surely you are making some preparations for your future?"

"What future?" he asked almost savagely—"what future can there be for me?"

"The future beyond, I mean," said Rhoda.

"Rubbish!" exclaimed the skeptic. "Look'ee here, Rhoda, if you be goin' to preach you'd best take yourself off at once. I want none of your preachin' or prayin', an' I hate cant."

"Rake," said Rhoda, "is it cant to ask you if you're happy? People who use cant in the sense you mean do so to deceive other people into thinking that they are better than they really are. Who can I deceive in asking you this question? You say you know you are going to die; what gain, therefore, would it be to deceive you? Rake," she went on, dropping her voice to a low sympathetic whisper, "if it be true, as you say you believe it to be, very soon now you'll have crossed the borderland, and will be in the spirit world. For, believe me, Rake, there is another world. Don't you believe that there is?"

"I didn't once," he answered, with some relenting in his tone, "but when a fellow comes to lie here his views alter."

"Do you know why? It is because God gives the dying clearer vision of the eternal realities."

But her words again brought his old self back, and chased away all his relentings.

"Nonsense!" he burst out fiercely. "It is simply because his pain of body triumphs over his mind. When a man isn't himself he cannot reason out things properly—that's all."

"No," urged Rhoda, somewhat startled at his sudden change of mood, "it is not that. It is God's good providence clearly showing the folly of past beliefs."

"Rubbish! rubbish! rubbish!" he exclaimed irritatedly. "God doesn't bother his head about such paltry things."

"You believe in God, Rake?"

"Not in your God," he replied.

"But there is no other," said Rhoda.

"Well, p'r'aps there beant. Anyhow, I b'lieve in God, an' it's only fools that doesn't——"

"Exactly what the Bible says," remarked Rhoda, interrupting him. "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God."

"Well, look here, lass," said Rake at length, "we'll drop this subject at

once, for I'm blowed if I'm in a mood to argue, and this pain in my chest be gettin' terrific."

"Can I do anything for you?" asked Rhoda, suddenly changing her manner, and becoming all-solicitous and tender.

"No; nobody can do anything now," said Rake, holding his breath as if endeavouring to press down his pain, but finally bursting out into a loud oath.

"Oh, Rake, don't do that," said Rhoda; "that can do you no good."

"It does me a world of good," replied Rake ferociously, and with another awful oath. "It gives a fellow relief. You'd better go home, Rhoda," he said between his pains; "these pains be comin' on something awful now."

"Rake!" exclaimed Rhoda, in a shocked voice.

"I can't help it. You go home—oh!"

At the noise Edward came flying upstairs, but Rake was calm for a moment or two then.

"Well, squire, come to see me kick the bucket?" asked Rake.

"Surely it's not come to that, Rake, has it?" said Edward.

"That's just it, squire," said Rake.

"Are you in pain now?"

"In awful pain."

"Where is it?"

"Here," touching his chest, "and here," touching his ribs.

"What does the doctor say about it?"

"He says my ribs be all broke, and that the jagged ends of several of the bones has cut into the lungs."

"That's very dreadful," said Edward, "but we must hope for the best."

Very shortly after the pains came on Rake again.

"You talk of a God, Rhoda Roberts," he sneered, with a fearful oath. "What good is He if He allows His creatures thus to suffer?"

"Hush!" said Edward, soothingly, "you're in no fit state to talk of such solemn matters. Let us see what we can do to ease your pain first, at any rate."

On re-entering the room it was plain to Edward that a great change had come over Rake's condition.

"It's nearing the end," whispered Rhoda.

Edward approached the bed and spoke softly to the dying man; but he did not answer him, nor did he seem to recognize either Edward's voice or face. Instead, he seemed to exhibit a shrinking away from Edward, while a look of terror and despair crept into his countenance.

"I don't like these looks," said Edward. "What do you think we ought to do, Rhoda? Shall we send for the doctor?"

"Yes; I think he ought to be here," replied Rhoda, "though I believe Rake is past all earthly skill now."

"So do I," said Edward; "but it would be more satisfactory if the doctor were here. Don't you think so?"

Rhoda remained, and Nellie went home in the carriage, going round by the way of Dr. Shearer's.

"Where is he?" whispered Rake, hoarsely, after a little pause of painful panting.

"Who?" asked Edward, bending over him.

"Dick—Dick Fowler."

"Dick Fowler!" quietly exclaimed Edward, in great surprise, and looked toward Rhoda with the same amazed look.

"Fowler—Dick Fowler," panted the dying man. "He was in this room a moment ago."

"You've been dreaming, Rake," said Edward. "Dick Fowler's dead. You remember he was killed in the explosion?"

Rake closed his eyes and lay quiet for a few moments, as if in unconsciousness. During his silence Rhoda whispered to Edward:

"What a strange thing! But the dying are nearer the world of spirits than we are, and may see more than we see."

Rake was not unconscious, but only lying in a state of exhaustion, and he heard Rhoda's words.

"Years ago," he said, between fearful gaspings, "I sneered at Dick Fowler's religion. He was praying in the mine, an' George Ford an' me skitted him on his religion. George be a prayin' man hisself now, but it wasn't so then. I 'member it all as if it was yesterday. I 'member my words. 'If that be your religion,' I said, 'may I be everlastingly saved from it.' An' now here I be."

"But, Rake," said Rhoda, "it isn't yet too late to turn."

"Long since too late," he said.

"No," said Rhoda eagerly, but quietly, "on the authority of God's Word I tell you it isn't."

"I've never b'lieved in your God."

"That makes no reason why you shouldn't now. Will you let me pray with you?"

"It'd do no good."

"Prayer is always effective," said Rhoda, and, kneeling down by the bedside, while Edward knelt down by the small table, she poured out her soul in fervent prayer for God to show mercy and forgiveness to "poor dying Rake." It was a strange scene. Lying back in extreme exhaustion on the bed, with the playing-cards scattered all round him, and with the death-pallour in his countenance, Rake Swinton presented both a pathetic and an awful sight.

"O God!" she cried, "show mercy and compassion. Let not Rake Swinton die in his sins. Christ has died for him, child of the devil as he is. Oh, snatch him as a brand from the burning. If ever thy Son's death were effective, let it be now. Art not thou still God? Then let not Satan usurp dominion over this poor soul. Exert thy power——"

Her prayer was suddenly arrested by a groan. Rake Swinton was standing before the judgment bar of God, rendering an account of the deeds done in the body.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE RETURN OF GEORGE FORD.

"What a strange thing that was that Rake said about George Ford," said Edward.

"Ah," said Rhoda, "George is a different man now. In the days of which Rake spoke George Ford was a godless man, but the accident changed him."

"It brought him to his senses?"

"Not exactly in the way you mean," said Rhoda, "but while he lay on his bed he had ample opportunity for serious thought."

"You visited him at that time, didn't you, Rhoda?"

"Yes, almost daily."

"That was doubtless the cause of George Ford's change," thought Edward, but he did not say so to Rhoda.

"How is George getting on?" he asked. "Do you ever hear from him?"

"Father hears frequently," replied Rhoda. "He seems to be doing all right, and says he's spending very happy days in college. But he longs to be out and in the active work. His whole soul is in the preaching of the Gospel."

"I'm informed," said Edward, "that he gives good promise of being a very powerful preacher."

"That is so," said Rhoda, "according to the reports we hear; but we shall have an opportunity of hearing him on Sunday next——"

"Sunday next?"

"Yes; George is coming home for the Christmas vacation, and he has promised to preach in our new chapel."

"In the evening?"

"All day—both morning and evening."

"Then I shall go and hear him in the evening."

Rhoda was delighted, and tripped along at Edward's side very happy indeed.

"And how are you keeping yourself, Rhoda?"

"If anything," she replied, "I'm something better, but I get very poorly at times."

"I would give a good deal, Rhoda, to see you well again."

"Doctor Shearer says if I could only winter abroad I might keep strong for many years yet," she said; "but, really, I believe that I am on the way for getting well without all that."

"Would you like to winter abroad, Rhoda?"

"I don't know that I should," she replied; "I don't believe I would gain a bit of good by it."

"Why not?"

"I should be away from all my friends," she said, "and constantly thinking about them."

"But if your father accompanied you?"

"Oh, I should like it very much then. It has always been one of the dreams of my life to see foreign countries."

"And a few months—say, in the South of France—would do you a world of good. I believe it would establish your health."

"Yes, doubtless," sighed Rhoda, and then exclaimed, "Sunny France! But, alas! that's not for me."

"Rhoda," said Edward, tenderly, "it may be for you if you wish it. I only mention it to suggest that you'll allow me to send both you and your father there. Now don't say nay. You are speaking impulsively. Don't say anything about it just now, but think it over first. Have a

quiet talk with your father about it, Rhoda. No, no," he persisted, as she remonstrated with him, "it would be a very little thing for me to do. I wouldn't miss it. I'm a richer man than you imagine, and I should only be too thankful for you to accept my offer. Besides, Rhoda, I have a claim upon you. I cannot forget all the kindness you have shown me in the past. Not that I am speaking of reward, but my claim is that you should allow me to do something for you. I am not offering you this as a stranger, Rhoda." He was treading on very delicate ground now, and he knew it, but he was most gentle and considerate. "You and I were once to be more than mere friends, and would have been had it not been for your health; at least, that was your objection, not mine. Come, dear Rhoda (let me call you that name once again), think well of my proposal."

He had pleaded so earnestly and tenderly for the opportunity of doing Rhoda this little service, and he had pressed it home to her heart with such unselfishness, that silent tears were raining from her beautiful eyes as the two walked slowly on together.

"It is very kind of you," she managed to say at length, "and your kind words make it all the more difficult to say nay——"

"Rhoda," he exclaimed, interrupting her, "I won't hear you say nay. At least you'll do me the favour of talking the matter over with your father at home?"

"She's a dear creature," Nellie said to him afterwards at home, as they sat together talking of Rhoda and her doings.

"She's a purely good woman," was Edward's reply, "and if she marries she'll bless some man's home."

"Do you regret?" she asked blushingly.

"Regret—do I regret?"

"Yes, do you regret Rhoda is not to bless your home?"

A shade of pain passed over his face, and Nellie at once saw that her question had touched him deeply.

"Nellie, darling," he said, taking her hand, "do you doubt my love?"

His manner was so ingenuous and his words so thrilling with emotion that Nellie could not but hasten to assure him of her complete faith in him.

"I do not doubt you, dear Edward," she said fervently, "and I was wrong to ask you the question I did."

"I once loved Rhoda Roberts," he said, "nay, I love her now, but not as I love you, Nellie dear. Rhoda I love as a pure and noble woman; you, Nellie, I love as my own life. You are more to me than ever Rhoda Roberts could be."

Arrived at home, Rhoda found that her father was almost tired of waiting for her.

"You're very late, Rhoda," he said.

"I am, father," she replied; "but it could not be avoided. I waited until all was over."

"Then Rake is dead?" he asked.

"Yes."

"How did he die, Rhoda?"

"It was an awful death, father." Seth sighed.

"But what else could we expect, Rhoda? Look at the life he lived. You remember what John Wesley says: 'Tell me how a man lived, and I'll tell you how he died.' Yes," said Seth; "an' that's always a true doctrine."

"Yet, father, we must always hope for the best. We go to pray with them that we may chance lead them to God. And who knows but what in the eleventh hour—nay, even when the clock is on the stroke of twelve—that God may point them to Himself?"

"Mebbe, mebbe," said Seth, sadly shaking his head, "but it's a miserable business. God is all-merciful, I know, but I'm allus doubtful of these 'ere deathbed conversions. And to offer the Almighty the rags and tatters of an ill-spent life be a mean an' niggardly recompense for all his goodness. But let's to bed, Rhoda. It is now gettin' late, an' I can hear more of the particulars of Rake's death to-morrow. Pass me the Bible."

After family devotion they kissed each other good-night, and then Seth remarked:

"Oh! by the bye, George has come home."

"When did he arrive, father?"

"By this evening's train. He's been here."

"Here?"

"Yes. Of course, he couldn't stay till you came home, but he's goin' to call to-morrow to see you. You may 'spect him to'ards the forenoon."

A PRINCESS IN CALICO.

BY EDITH FERGUSON BLACK.

CHAPTER V.

"Do you believe in altitudes?" It was Richard Everidge, Aunt Rutha's favourite nephew, who asked the question, as they sat on the broad piazza after church waiting for lunch.

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that trilogy of exulting triumph over the trammels of circumstance that Mr. Dunn gave us this morning. Don't you remember? 'Life is what we make it—an anthem or a dirge, a psalm of hope or a lamentation of despair.' Do you believe any one can live in such a rare atmosphere every day?"

"Of course she does," and Belle laughed merrily. "Anyone who has courage to stroll through the Middle Ages with old Mr. Hallam before sunrise, must have plenty of altitude in her composition. It's my belief she lives on Mount Shasta, in a moral sense, and I shouldn't be surprised to hear of her taking out a building permit at the North Pole, if she thought duty called her. But Dick, how can you be such an atrocious skeptic as to doubt the possibility of one's living above the clouds when you know my lady!"

"Ah, but she is Tryphosa, the blessed."

"Tryphosa!" echoed Pauline in a mystified tone.

"That is her name," said Richard Everidge, with a tender reverence in his voice, "and she deserves it, for she is among the aristocracy of the elect. I never see her without feeling envious, and yet she has been a sufferer for years. I am amazed that Belle has let all this time pass without taking you to call at the threshold of the Palace Beautiful."

"There have been so many other things," said Belle, "tennis, you know, and canoe practice and tandem parties."

Her cousin laughed.

"But that is only when Russ and I are not reading up for exams. What do you find to occupy your leisure?"

"Leisure!" exclaimed Belle solemnly. "Leisure, my dear boy, has been an unknown quantity ever since I undertook to pilot this most inexorable young woman among the antiquities of our venerable city. She is an inveterate relic hunter. Is enraptured with Bunker Hill and the Old South; delights in Cornhill, and wherever she can find a crooked old street that reminds her of Washington, and pokes about all the old cemeteries, till I feel as eerie as Coleridge's ancient mariner. I believe she expects to come upon all the Pilgrim Fathers buried in one vault. But there is nothing special on the programme for to-day—we will go and see my lady this very afternoon."

As they went in to lunch, Richard Everidge leaned over to Pauline and whispered: "You have not answered my question. Do you think it is possible for common, every-day Christians to live above the clouds?"

"If I were a Christian," she said, in a low tone, "I should want to get as high up as I could."

When they reached Tryphosa's, they heard her singing. They waited listening:

"Here brief is the sighing,
And brief is the crying,
For brief is the life!
The life there is endless,
The joy there is endless,
And ended the strife.

"O country the fairest!
Our country the dearest,
We press toward thee!
O Sion the golden!
Our eyes are still holden,
Thy light till we see.

"We know not, we know not,
All human words show not
The joys we may reach.
The mansions preparing,
The joys for our sharing,
The welcome for each."

Then Belle opened the door softly and went in.

Pauline saw a large bay window opening into a tiny conservatory, which loving hands kept dowered with a profusion of blooming plants. The room was large and dainty with delicate draperies, two or three fine pictures, and a beautiful representation in marble of the Angel of Patience, which stood on a buhl table,

where the invalid's eyes could always rest upon it.

Tryphosa turned her head to greet them from the low couch, which was the battle-ground where she had wrestled with the angel of pain during years of physical agony. Her eyes were lustrous with a radiance not of earth, and a wealth of silver hair fell in soft curling waves about her face; her mouth, sweet and tender, parted in a smile of welcome as she held out her hands to the girls.

Belle caught them in her own, and kissed them gently.

"This is our cousin, my lady, Aunt Mildred's only child."

The thin hands drew Pauline's face down, and she was kissed on cheek and brow.

"Your mother was my friend, dear child, in the long ago." Then she added, softly, with her hands on the silver cross at her throat, "Are you a princess? Do you belong to the King?"

Pauline shook her head, "No, my lady."

"I am very sorry."

They sat down then beside her. She held Pauline's strong hand between her wasted fingers.

"Dear Mildred Davis! You have her eyes and brow, my child. It does me good to see you."

"That's just like papa," said Belle. "He says he can almost fancy himself back in the old home with Aunt Mildred getting him ready for school."

Pauline coloured with pleasure. No one ever spoke of her mother at Sleepy Hollow. She looked through the French windows into the conservatory.

"How beautiful the flowers are!"

"You love them? Of course you must, to be your mother's child. It is such a comfort to me to lie here and listen to them talk."

"Talk!" exclaimed Pauline. "Do they do that, my lady?"

Tryphosa smiled. "Surely," she said gently. "'Every flower has its story, and every butterfly's life is a poem.'"

Belle broke the silence:

"We heard you singing, my lady; I do not think Pauline had thought you would have the heart to sing."

A ripple of the sweetest laughter Pauline had ever heard fell through the quiet room, and Tryphosa's eyes flashed merrily.

"'The pilgrims kept on their journey, and as they journeyed they sang,'" she said. "Do you think there is anything to cry about when we are on our way to a palace, dear child? But Sunday is always my resting time," she continued, "I do not sing as much through the week as I should. I am tired often, and busy."

"Busy," echoed Pauline involuntarily, with a glance at the frail body propped up among the cushions.

Tryphosa gave another soft, merry laugh, and drew forward a rosewood writing-table, which was fitted to her couch.

"Here is where I do my work when my hands are willing; and then there are my dear, poor people, and my rich friends, and sometimes the latter need as much comforting as the former. Oh, there is a great deal to do, dear child, for some have to be taught the way to the palace, and some have to be brought into audience with the King," her voice hushed itself into a reverent whisper.

"And how about the pain, my lady?" asked Belle. Pauline's eyes were full of tears.

"Just right," she answered brightly. "Some days are set in minor key, and the Lord calls me where the waves run high; but so long as I'm sure it is the Lord, what does it matter? Not one good thing has failed of all that He has promised, and soldiers don't mind a few sword thrusts when they are marching to victory. 'This day the noise of battle, the next the victor's song.'" She closed her eyes, and a triumphant smile played about her mouth.

"You seem so certain, my lady," said Belle, wistfully.

"Surely! 'For we know that He hath prepared for us a city.'"

"Now you mean heaven," said Pauline, impetuously. "To me heaven is enveloped in fog."

"It won't be, dear child, when the mists have rolled away, and in the clear light of the Sun of Righteousness you look across to the other shore."

"Couldn't you tell me what it is like, my lady? You seem to know. I can't fathom it, and everything seems so dark."

Tryphosa lifted a plain little book from a revolving bookcase of morocco-bound treasures, which stood within easy reach.

"I believe I will let Miss Warner answer you. 'Would you like a heaven so small, so human, that mortal

words could line it out, and mortal wishes be its boundary ? The things we look for are prepared by One whose thoughts are as far above our thoughts as the broad star-lit heaven is above this little gas-lit earth. And do you think that people are to be all massed in heaven, losing their various identities, their differing tastes, their separate natures ? Going from this lower world so full of its adaptations, where colour and form take on a thousand changes, and life and pursuit can be varied almost at will, to a mere dead level of perfect felicity. To leave earth where no two things are alike, and go to heaven to find no two different ! The Lord's preparations mean more than that. We should learn better from this lower world. No one pair of black eyes is just like another, no two leaves upon the same tree. And not a yellow blossom can spring up by the wayside, without a red or a white one at hand for contrast. Are the clouds copies of each other ? Are the shadows on the hills ever twice the same ? Take for your comfort the full assurance that the very tree of life—which in Eden seems to have borne but one manner of fruit—in heaven shall bear twelve. But we can't imagine it—in its fulness. We must look, not to see clear outlines and distinct colours, but only the flood of heavenly light. From point to point the promises pass on, with their golden touch ; until the vacant places in our lives disappear, and the aches die out, and desire and longing are lost in " more than heart could wish." ' "

A pause fell then, and a stillness, broken only by the tinkle of a little fountain, whose drops fell among the flowers.

As they rose to go Tryphosa drew Pauline's face down until it touched her own :

" Dear child, won't you claim your birthright ?"

" I will, my lady."

CHAPTER VI.

The summer slipped away, and to Pauline it was a continual dream of pleasure. She adhered strictly to her habit of rising with the sun, and not the least enjoyable part of the morning were the three hours spent in the solitude of her uncle's luxurious library, while the day was new. Her active mind awoke from its enforced lethargy, and plumed itself for flight with a delightful sense of freedom. The dream of her life was coming true at last, and she was to have a chance to learn. She had learned all that the Sleepy Hollow school could teach her long ago. She would take up chemistry, of course, and biology, mathematics and physics, French and Latin, geology and botany, and—well, she would decide later upon the rest of her curriculum. Her father seemed to take it for granted she should stay in Boston, her uncle called her his own little daughter, and she was content. Her healthy nature enjoyed to the full the innumerable diversions and pleasures which Belle's active brain was continually planning. Picnics and garden parties, excursions to the beaches, where she was never tired of feasting her eyes on the glory of the waves ; or a run into the city to hear some special attraction. Always brightness and fun and laughter, for Aunt Rutha's hospitable house was a favourite resort with many of the Harvard students, and it was the glorious summer time, when all the world—their little world—was free to be gay. She—Pauline Harding—was like other girls at last !

Then she must learn to row and to ride, with Richard Everidge for her teacher. Belle taught her to swim and Russell to play tennis, and Gwendolyn took her to some of the many meetings to which she devoted her life.

And then there was Tryphosa. She always made time for a visit there at least once every week. She was hungry to hear all she could tell her about her mother. She began to understand how Richard Everidge, in the pride of his manly beauty, could find it in his heart to envy the woman who day and night kept close company with pain. Sometimes the shadows would lie purple under the brilliant eyes, and the thin fingers be tightly clenched in anguish, but the brave lips gave no sign. On such days Pauline could only sit beside her in mute sorrow, or sing softly some of the hymns she loved.

" It is terrible to see you suffer so, my lady !" she cried, one morning, when, in the fulness of her strength, she had gone from the laughing sunshine into the shadowed room, where every ray of light fell like a

blow upon the invalid's quivering nerves.

Tryphosa made answer with a smile.

"Not one stroke too much, dear child. It is my Father's hand upon the 'tribulum.' He never makes mistakes."

One day she slipped away directly after breakfast. She wanted to be sure of finding her alone.

It was one of the invalid's good days, and she greeted her with a bright smile of welcome.

"My lady," she began, abruptly, "do you think I have forgotten all about my promise? I couldn't. It has haunted me through everything, and—I gave myself to the King last night."

Tryphosa's eyes glowed deep with pleasure.

"Thank God!" she exclaimed, softly. Then she closed her eyes, and Pauline knew from her moving lips that she was talking with the Lord.

She touched Pauline gently.

"I had to talk a little about the good news with Jesus. He is my nearest neighbour, you know. And now, dear child, tell me all about it. What a wonderfully simple thing it is! People talk so much about being a Christian, when, after all, it is simply to be Christ's. We open the door where He has knocked so long, and let Him in. We give ourselves away to Jesus henceforth to live in Him, with Him, by Him and for Him forever. Dear child, when you were giving, did you include your will?"

"My will!" echoed Pauline, startled.

"Why, surely. The Christian is not to direct his Master."

"But how do you mean, my lady?"

Tryphosa began to sing softly:

"'O little bird, lie still
In thy low nest;
Thy part, to love my will;
My part,—the rest.'

"That is His message to me. Yours will be different, for no two of His children get the same training."

"I suppose now life will be all duty?" said Pauline, with a sigh.

Tryphosa smiled.

"That is not the way I read my Bible. Peter says we must 'love the brethren,' and John, 'This is Christ's commandment, that we believe and love,' because 'he who loveth knoweth God,' and Paul, 'The love of Christ constraineth us.'"

"Well, but I must do something, my lady."

"Don't fall into that snare, little one. It is what we are, not what we do. The dear Christ wants us, not for what we do for Him, but what He does for us. Listen, 'He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing.' 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' The first great thing for you now is to 'get your meaning.'"

Pauline looked puzzled.

"I do not understand, my lady."

"What are you going to stand for? How much better is the world to be for your having lived in it? The day is long past when people were satisfied with a Sunday religion. True Christianity means a daily consecration of purpose. Look at the men who have made their mark in the world. Reformers, inventors, discoverers, all men of a single purpose; and Paul says, 'This one thing I do.' Michael Angelo said, 'Nothing makes the soul so pure, so religious, as the endeavour to create something perfect, for God is perfection, and whoever strives for it, strives for something that is God-like. And, remember, 'perfect has no clipped edges, no dreary blanks.' Little one, I want you to be a perfect Christian."

Pauline fell on her knees beside the couch, and buried her face in the cushions.

"I am not worthy," she murmured.

Tryphosa laid her hand very tenderly upon the bowed head as she repeated in low, triumphant tones:

"'I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation. He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.' 'This is the will of God, even your sanctification.' 'That ye may be holy and without blame before Him in love.' 'Be ye perfect as my Father in heaven is perfect.' According to the measure of our capacity, that is the idea, just as the tiny cup may be as full as the ocean. But for this we must lay all upon the altar. There must be no closed

doors, no reserved corners in our hearts. We must give Christ the key to every room, so that He shall be, not merely a guest in the guest-chamber, but the owner of the house. Are you ready for that, dear child ?"

And Pauline answered humbly :

"I want the very best God has to give me."

CHAPTER VII.

The beautiful summer had slipped away, and the glory of October was over the land. Pauline had crossed the borders and plunged, with all the zest of her thirsty soul, into the fair world of knowledge which lay stretched at her feet. Her three months of conscientious study had been of great service as a preparatory training, and already more than one of the professors had complimented her on her breadth of view, and the rapidity with which she was able to grasp an idea.

A subtle sense of power stole over her. Every part of her being seemed to expand in the congenial atmosphere. A brilliant future seemed opening before her enraptured gaze. The world should be the better for her life. God had endowed her with gifts. She would lay them at His feet. She would devote herself to the uplifting of her race. Already in imagination she heard herself spoken of as the gifted woman, whose sympathetic and exquisitely modulated voice thrilled the hearts of the multitude. Already in imagination she saw her audiences spellbound under the magnetism of her eloquence, as she strove to lift them from the torpor of their commonplace into a higher life. Life was magnificent ! Poor Tryphosa, in her narrow sphere of pain, how could she be so happy !

Belle hurried along the hall and stopped at the door of the blue draped chamber.

"My dear Paul, do you know we are all waiting ? What have you been doing ? If I could only get a snap-shot at you now I should call it the 'Intoxication of Success.' You would make a splendid Jeanne d'Arc, with the light of high and holy purpose in her eyes, etc.; but as this is the last Saturday in the year that we shall have the chance of a ride to Forest Glen and home by moonlight, I move that we postpone our rhapsodies until a more convenient season. The boys are waiting below with the horses, and the servants started long ago with the hampers. Even Gwen has been wooed by the beauty of the morning to accompany us, though I think there are about a dozen meetings on her calendar. Here is a letter for you, but you have no time to read it now."

"Have I kept you ? Oh, I am sorry !" and catching up her silver-mounted riding-whip, Pauline threw her habit over her arm, and ran down to where Richard Everidge held the handsome bay mare which had been her uncle's gift. The letter she had tossed lightly on her table. It was from her father, but it would keep. There was never any news at Sleepy Hollow.

Aunt Rutha watched the merry party as they cantered off.

"How well Pauline looks in the saddle. We have been very fortunate in our adopted daughter, Robert."

"Yes, she is a sweet girl, and her passion for knowledge is just the incentive that our lazy little Belle needs. I only hope her father will never take it into his head to claim her again. She is a blessing in the house."

On and on the riders travelled, through the exhilarating autumn air, until they stopped for lunch on the borders of a forest which Jack Frost had set ablaze, and which glowed in the sunshine with a dazzling splendour of crimson and bronze and gold. The hours flew by, and when they started homewards the sun was sinking in majestic glory, while on the opposite horizon the moon rose, silver clear. Pauline's every nerve quivered with delight. It was a perfect ending to a perfect day.

When she went up to her room that night her eye fell on the forgotten letter. She opened it slowly with a smile upon her lips. Suddenly the smile faded, and a cold chill crept into her heart.

"It has been such a happy day," she had told Aunt Rutha, as, after the merry supper was over, she had stood by her side in the soft lighted library. "Such a happy day, without a flaw !" And now already it seemed to be fading into the dim, dim past ! And yet it was only a few hours since Richard Everidge had climbed lightly up after the spray of

brilliant leaves which she had admired, and she had pinned them against the dark background of her riding habit; even now they were before her on the table. She looked at them with a dull sense of pain.

"Mother has had a stroke of some sort," Mr. Harding wrote, "the doctor doesn't seem to know rightly what. She is some better, but she can't leave her bed. The children are well, except Polly, who seems weakly. The doctor thinks her spine has been hurt. Mother had her in her arms when she fell."

Pauline shivered; was this God's "best" for her? The letter dropped from her hand, and she sat for hours motionless, her eyes taking in every detail of the pretty, moonlit room, until it was indelibly engraved upon her memory.

When the morning came she took the letter to Tryphosa. She could not trust herself to tell the others yet.

The eyes that looked up at her from the open sheet were very tender.

"Dear child, are you satisfied?"

"With what, my lady?"

"With Christ, and the life He has planned for you?"

She hesitated. If it had been this other life that she had been planning for herself only the day before, how gladly she would have answered; but if it should be Sleepy Hollow, could she say yes?

With her keen intuition, which had been sharpened by pain, Tryphosa divined her thought.

"I am going to give you a new beatitude," she said, brightly. "'Blessed be Drudgery, for it is the gray angel of success.'"

"That is a hard gospel, my lady."

"Perhaps, but ease and victory are forever incompatible. The Father loved the Son, yet He surrendered Him to a life of toil, and Christ Himself gave His chosen ones the heritage of tribulation, crowned with the sweet, bright gift of Peace. It is the tried lives that ring the truest. The idea runs all through the Bible, 'Silver purified seven times,' and 'gold tried in the fire,' and 'polished after the similitude of a palace.' Have you ever thought of the friction that involves? The finest diamonds bear the most cutting, and it is the mission of the diamond to reflect the light. If we would have our lives a success, we must seek not happiness, but harmony."

"Harmony! with what, my lady?"

"The will of God, dear child. We are out of tune when God finds us. He puts us in tune, with our great key-note Jesus, and then we are like an aeolian harp. The West and the East winds make music through it, and the shrieking storm the sweetest music of all. But remember, little one, it is the 'joy of the Lord' which is our strength. We must sit in the sunshine if we would reflect the rainbow."

That night Pauline spent upon her knees.

"It is ridiculous!" exclaimed Mr. Davis, when, the next morning, she announced her decision to the family. "I will send a nurse down by the early train, but it is not fit work for you, my child, and, besides, we cannot spare you."

Her eyes filled.

"It is so good of you to say that! But my Father has called me, I must go."

"He does not say anything about your going, in the letter," said Mr. Davis, as he ran his eyes over the words.

"I meant my heavenly Father, Uncle Robert," she said, simply; "the message came last night."

After that they could not shake her, though Belle hung about her tearfully, Russell and Gwen protested, Aunt Rutha looked at her with sorrowful eyes, and Mr. Davis repeated that the very idea was absurd, as he paced up and down with a strange huskiness in his throat.

"I have come to say good-bye, my lady."

Tryphosa looked wistfully at the brave, sweet face, which she knew she should see no more.

"So soon, dear child?"

"I have given Christ the key, as you said, and now I am under orders."

"Well, I knew it would come. It is only that we must travel by different roads. We shall meet at the end of the journey."

"But you never told me that my way to the kingdom lay through Sleepy Hollow!"

"Surely not, dear child! It is not for me to do the work of the Holy Spirit. I knew you would hear His voice speaking to you from out the shadows by-and-bye."

Pauline sighed.

"I have so longed for culture, my lady, and now I must put it by."

"I am going to quote again, 'Blessed be Drudgery, the secret of all culture.' Someone has said, 'Latin and Greek, and music and art, and travel, are the decorations of life, but industry and perseverance, courage before difficulties, and cheer under straining burdens, self-control and self-denial are the indispensables. It is our daily task that mainly educates us, and the humblest woman may live splendidly.' And, remember, dear child, a life like Christ's is the grandest thing in the world. Angels may well envy us the opportunity of living it, for God Himself has lived it in Christ and rejoices to live it again in each of us. We should glory in the thought that our King allows us to be the mirror in which the world may see Jesus. May the Lord keep you as one of His 'hidden ones,' my darling, and make you to realize that He who 'holdeth the height of the hills', spreads the hush of His presence over the valleys."

Then she drew her close in a long, last farewell.

CHAPTER VIII.

"If you cannot realize your Ideal, you can at least idealize your Real."

As the train slackened speed Pauline lifted her eyes from the book which Richard Everidge had laid on the seat beside her, after giving her that last strong handshake, to see her father standing in front of the Sleepy Hollow station. A great pity filled her heart—how worn and old he looked!

They had all wanted to accompany her part of the way, and Belle had pleaded to be allowed to go and help nurse, but she had said them nay. She knew the accommodations of Hickory Farm, and it was easier to leave them where she had met them first, at the entrance of what would always be to her the City of Delights.

Abraham Lincoln and the spring waggon! Had the whole beautiful summer been one delicious dream? Could it be only a week since she had stood entranced in that forest of flame? Here the leaves hung brown and shrivelled on the denuded branches, stray flakes of snow were in the air, and the early twilight fell chill and dreary.

"I'm terrible glad to see you, Pawline, though I hated to spoil your visit," said Mr. Harding, as he gave Abraham Lincoln a taste of the whip.

Pauline leaned towards him, and laid both hands upon his arm.

"Poor father! I am so sorry for you! Now tell me all about it."

And the tired man turned gladly to the daughter who, for his sake, had left ease and beauty and friends, and shifted to her shoulders the burden which he found too heavy for his own.

The children crowded to meet her as she stumbled through the narrow hallway into the kitchen. How dark it was! Her quick glance comprehended the whole scene, and the contrast between it and that other home-coming smote her with a keen sense of physical pain. She looked at the solitary lamp with its grotesquely hideous ornament of red flannel, at Susan's expressionless, freckled face, at the boys in their copper-toed boots and overalls, at the good-natured, but hopelessly commonplace Martha Spriggs, with her thin hair drawn tight into a knob the size of a bullet, and her bare arms akimbo. "Idealize her Real!" would it be possible to idealize anything at Sleepy Hollow!

She got her welcome in various fashions.

"It's about time you were getting back!" exclaimed Mrs. Harding from the bed, where she was forced to lie, in bitterness of spirit, with Polly by her side. "I suppose nothing less than a stroke would have brought you. It beats me how people can be such sponges. I'm thankful I was never one to go trailin' about the country after my relations. I never was away from home more than a day in my life till I was married, an' it's been nothin' but work ever since. An' now to be laid here like a useless log, with everything goin' hot-foot to destruction! It's a good thing you've come at last, for the children are makin' sawdust an' splinters of every bit of crockery in the house, an' that Martha Spriggs has no more management than a settin' hen. I don't suppose you'll be much better, though. You never did hev much of a head, an' now that you've been up among the clouds so long, you'll be more like to sugar the butter and salt the pies than before."

Pauline lifted Polly from her un-

comfortable position with a warm glow about her heart, which all the sick woman's bitterness was powerless to quench. If she could see Richard Everidge, she would tell him that she did believe in altitudes now. It was possible even in the valleys to live above the clouds. "Do not seek happiness," Tryphosa had said, "but harmony with God's will," and God's will for her was Sleepy Hollow. "It is not what we do, but what we are, dear child," she seemed to hear her saying. She remembered reading that "the smallest roadside pool has its water from heaven, and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom, as well as the great ocean." God could make a "perfect Christian," even in Sleepy Hollow.

"I'm powerful glad ye've cum, Pawliney," said Martha Spriggs, as she followed her into the dairy after the meal was over. "I'm that beset I don't know where I'm standin', for Mis Hardin's been as crooked as a snake fence, an' as contrairy as a yearling colt, an' the children dew train awful."

"Yer've got to tell me stories all night, miles of 'em," said Lemuel, as he bestowed his small corporealism on the floor with his legs in the air.

"No, no, Lemuel, you're going right to bed, like a good little brother, so Polly can get to sleep. Poor Polly is so tired," and Pauline walked up and down the floor of her tiny room trying to soothe the weary child.

"Hi! Poll's no 'count; she's only a girl. I ain't goin' ter sleep nuther. I'm goin' ter stay up fer hours an' hours, an' if yer don't keep right on tellin' stories quick, I'll holler, an' that'll make mar mad, and then she'll send par up with a stick ter beat me. I don't care, he don't hit ez hard ez she duz, anyhow."

"If you'll get undressed right away, Lemuel, I'll tell you about a little boy who lived with an old, old man, and one night he couldn't sleep, but——"

"Huh! that's a Bible story. This ain't Sunday. Par never reads the Bible 'cept Sundays. I want 'em 'bout lions an' tigers, an' men tumblin' down mountains, an' boys gettin' eat up by bears."

"What did you do when I was away, Lemuel?"

His lower lip protruded ominously.

"Ain't had nuthin'. Martha Spriggs don't hev any. She only knows the 'cow that jumped over the moon,' an' that's no good; t'ain't true, nuther, fer our cows don't do it."

No time the next morning for the long hours of delightful study. It was churning day, and there was baking to be done, and the mending was behindhand, and the children needed clothes; besides the numerous "odd jobs" which Mrs. Harding's illness had deferred, but which she was prompt to require done as soon as she had someone besides Martha to call on. Then her meals must be given to her, and nothing tasted right, and the children were so noisy, and the older boys so uncouth!

Wearily Pauline toiled up the narrow stairs with Polly as the clock struck nine. She laid the sleeping child on her bed softly, so as not to wake Lemuel, and knelt down by the window. Not a sound broke the stillness. Her thoughts flew to the blue draped chamber, and the soft lighted library, where she could almost see Uncle Robert and Aunt Rutha, and Belle and Richard, and Russell and Gwen. But they might not be there yet, they had set apart this night, she remembered, to run over for a look through the big telescope. Last week that was, before she had decided to come to Sleepy Hollow, and broken up all their happy plans. Only last week! Then she thought of Tryphosa, lying with closed eyes in her darkened room, waiting patiently for the sleep which so often refused to come, while the angel of pain brooded over her pillow. Then her eyes sought the stars.

"You dear things!" she whispered. "God put you in your places, and told you to shine, and for all these hundreds of years you've just kept on shining. Oh! my lady, ask God to help me to make this dark place bright."

She knelt on in the clear, cold moonlight till at last the hush of God's peace crept into her heart, and there was a great calm.

The winter crept on steadily, Jack Frost threw photographs of fairyland upon the windows, and hung the roofs with fringes of crystal pendants, while the snow flakes piled themselves over the fences and made a shroud for the trees, and every day Pauline, with this strange peace in her heart, did her housework to the glory of God.

There were bright spots here and there, for the Boston letters came freely, and the magazines, which she

had liked best, and now and then a book, as Belle said, "to keep Mr. Hallam company." They would not let her drop out of their life, these kind friends, and she took it all thankfully, though she could only glance at the magazines and never opened the books. There would be time by-and-bye, she said to herself cheerfully. There was so much waiting for her in the beautiful "by-and-bye."

"It beats me," said Mrs. Harding, fretfully, as Pauline hushed Polly to sleep, "what you do to that child. I used to sing to her till my throat cracked, but you just smooth her hair awhile with those fingers of yours, an' off she goes. I wish you'd come an' smooth me off to sleep. I'm that tired lying here, I don't know what to do. That new doctor's no more good than his powders are! I don't see what old Dr. Ross hed to die fer, just before I was goin' ter need him." And the sick woman groaned. Pauline laid Polly in her cot with a smile. This grudging praise was very sweet to her. To make darkness light, that was Christ's mission, and hers. She was putting her whole soul into the effort.

"What makes P'liney so different?" queried Leander of Stephen and John, as they rested from their daily task of cutting wood. "She used ter be as mad as hops if yer mussed up yer clothes, an' now she only laughs an' sez, 'Never mind, if it's a stain that soap will conquer.'"

"An' she's always singin' too," said John, thoughtfully, "if mother didn't scold so, it would be real pleasant."

"I'd like to know why it is though," repeated Leander thoughtfully.

"Because she belongs to the King," said the clear, sweet voice of his step-sister from the doorway, "and she wants you all to belong to Him too."

When she went back into the house she found Lemuel brandishing a broomstick over the frightened Polly.

"Why, Lemuel, what are you doing?"

"I've casted the devils out of her," exclaimed that youth triumphantly, "an' they've gone inter the pig pen, whole leguns of 'em, an' they're kickin', orful!"

"GOLD, FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH."

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh, they brought the new-born Christ—
The Wise Men from the East—and in the ox's stall,
The far-brought precious gifts they heaped, with love unpriced;
And Christ the babe looked on, and wondered not at all.

Gold, frankincense and myrrh, I, too, would offer Thee,
O King of faithful hearts, upon Thy Christmas Day;
And, poor and little worth although the offering be,
Because Thou art so kind, I dare to think I may.

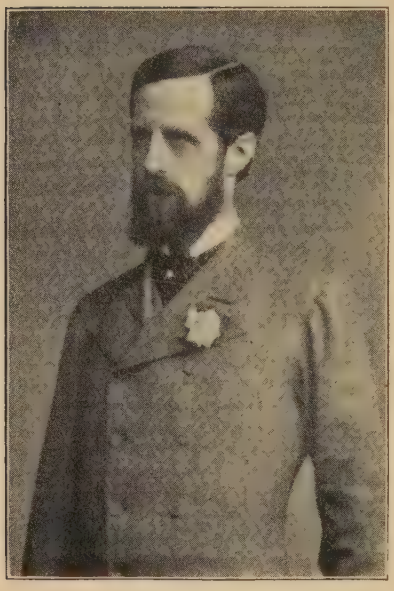
I bring the gold of faith which, through the centuries long,
Still seeks the Holy Child, and worships at His feet,
And owns Him for its Lord, with gladness deep and strong,
And joins the angel choir, singing in chorus sweet.

The frankincense I bear is worship, which can rise,
Like perfume floating up higher and higher still,
Till on the wings of prayer it finds the far blue skies,
And falls, as falls the dew, to freshen heart and will.

And last I bring the myrrh, half bitter and half sweet,
Of my own selfish heart, through sacrifice made clean;
And break the vase, and spill the oil upon Thy feet,
O Lord of Christmas Day, as did the Magdalene.

"Gold, frankincense and myrrh"—'tis all I have to bring
To Thee, O Holy Child, now throned in heaven's mid!
Because Thou art so kind, take the poor offering,
And let me go forth blessed, as once the Wise Men did.

LORD AND LADY ABERDEEN.



LORD ABERDEEN.

No representatives of Her Majesty ever won so many friends in Canada or caused such regret by their departure as Lord and Lady Aberdeen. They have endeared themselves to every class of our people by their generous sympathy with the best interests of our country. The noble philanthropies of Lady Aberdeen will continue to keep her memory fresh among us for long years. She illustrates to the full the noble words of Tennyson :

" Kind words are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

She has been not merely a leader of society, but she has exhibited her generous sympathy to the sick in our hospitals, to the unfortunate in our gaols, to the poor in our almshouses, and to the lonely settlers on the far-off prairies.

The Methodist people of this country, not less loyal than any, have been unable to accept some of the social hospitalities offered by their Excellencies as not being in harmony with their religious principles. They none the less regret their departure and pray that God's richest blessing may follow them through all their after lives. As a souvenir of their sojourn among us we present the follow- brief sketch of their romantic career :

The family history of the Aberdeens goes back to the days of the Plantagenets. The present Earl is also a direct descendant of John Knox, and has thus good Presbyterian blood in his veins. His grandfather, the fourth Earl of Aberdeen, was Prime Minister of Queen Victoria from 1852 to 1855, and was highly esteemed by his sovereign. The father of the present Earl, Lord Haddo, was a life-long invalid. His ill-health precluded an active interest in politics, but he spent what strength he had in religious work—preaching, teaching, church-building, and such evangelistic efforts as lay within his power. He was a man of pronounced piety and of large and tolerant spirit.

His oldest son had a romantic and tragic career. The resources of the house had been somewhat taxed by the church-building generosity of the fifth Earl. Young Gordon, therefore, determined to let its revenues increase, and at the same time to gratify his personal love of adventure. After a short tour in the United States he shipped at Boston as an A.B. sailor, under the name of George H. Osborne. He was a first-class seaman, and passed creditable examinations at the Boston Nautical College. For three or four years he made trading voyages to the Canaries, Mexico, and along the American coast, earning his living before the mast. He was a man of marked uprightness of character, and took an active part in the religious exercises both on ship and on shore. In 1870 he started for a voyage around the world, shipping first to Australia. Six days out from port, while helping to lower the mainsail, he was thrown into the sea and drowned. His death made the present Earl heir to the title and estate.

As a younger son the latter had received a practical education, and exhibited a remarkable taste for mechanics and engineering. He is probably the only peer of the realm who knows how to run an express railway locomotive. He took his place in the House of Lords in his twenty-third year, and, appropriately enough, soon found a place on the Royal Commission for inquiry into railway accidents, their causes and means of prevention.

When the late Mr. Plimsoll began his agitation against the overloading of "coffin

ships," Lord Aberdeen became Chairman of the Commission on Shipping. He subsequently served as Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland, and dispensed almost regal hospitality as the Queen's representative in the ancient palace of Holyrood.

In 1886 he was offered by his old friend, and his father's and grandfather's friend, Mr. Gladstone, the position of Viceroy of Ireland. It was a delicate and difficult trust which was committed to him, but he proved equal to the task. The official occupant of Dublin Castle had long been the representative of an alien and hated power. It was a year of much distress in

LADY ABERDEEN.

the country. The crops and fisheries had both failed. But the tact and skill of Lord Aberdeen and especially of his accomplished wife, herself descended, through the O'Neills of Tyrone, from the ancient kings of Ireland, completely won the hearts of the Irish people.

Lady Aberdeen devoted herself with energy to reviving the domestic industries of Ireland—lace-making, weaving, knitting, embroidery, and the like. She afterwards took a very active part in promoting the "Irish Village" at the Chicago Columbian Fair.

The Countess has been, if possible, even more popular than the noble Earl. Her life-story is one of remarkable romance. She is the daughter of Lord Tweedmouth, better known, probably, as Sir Dudley Coutts Marjoribanks. She was brought up in a wild and picturesque spot in the Inverness highlands. It was a mountain solitude twenty-three miles from the nearest railway. She claims descent from the ancient kings of Scotland as well as from those of Ireland, and was nurtured on the heroic traditions of her ancestors. Free from the society distractions which dissipate so much time and energy, she found leisure for wide reading and study, and for some high thinking. The result is seen in her broad culture, her magnetic eloquence, her noble and generous impulses.

When she was a girl of only eleven, a young lad not much older, who had been hunting across the country had lost his way, came to the porter's lodge to ask a night's shelter. Finding that he was the son of his old friend the Earl of Aberdeen, Sir Dudley invited him to Guisachan, and Isabel Marjoribanks first saw her future husband. Years of study and travel were, however, to intervene before their lives came together again.

The Aberdeens had special qualifications for the high place they were to occupy in Canada. They had travelled extensively through the country, and had invested largely in cattle-ranching and fruit-raising estates. As Governor-General, Lord Aberdeen has been unwearied in the discharge of his official and social duties. He has again and again travelled though the length and breadth of the Dominion, residing for lengthened periods in its chief cities from Halifax to Victoria. He seems equally at home addressing Boards of Trade, University Convocations, or gatherings of the farmers on the prairies or the miners on the mountains. His hospitable receptions, dinners, and banquets have given a great social *éclat* to his official career.

No mistress of Rideau Hall, the viceregal residence, has ever dispensed a more gracious hospitality than the Countess of Aberdeen. She carries into effect her democratic theories. The servants of the establishment belong to a social guild, in which the Earl and Countess take profound interest, and in whose recreations they take active part. Indeed, some society people of the capital complain that the Countess has set an example which it is hard to follow in their relations to their servants.

Lady Aberdeen's philanthropies are not bounded by the limits of her home. They

are wide as the continent—wide as the race. One of her first efforts at social amelioration was the establishment of the Onward and Upward Society among her tenants, domestics, and poor people on the Scottish estates. It has spread till it has thousands of members throughout the world. In promotion of its views the Countess edits a monthly magazine with the title "Onward and Upward." Her daughter, Lady Marjorie, is the editor of "Wee Willie Winkie," a charming child's paper.

Lady Aberdeen has also organized the Woman's Liberal Federation, of which, for a time, she acted as President, embracing a body of eighty thousand women in different parts of the Empire. Its purpose is to induce women "to take an intelligent interest in politics, and to make their influence felt in all that relates to the moral and social improvement of society."

In Canada Lady Aberdeen has organized the National Council of Women, with active branches in the principal centres of population throughout the Dominion. Its object is to "promote unity and charity, both among religious, philanthropic, and secular associations, giving all a chance of knowing of what is being done for the good of the world outside their own immediate sphere."

The pet scheme of the Countess, however, as a commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee, is the establishment of a Victorian Order of Nurses for the care of the sick in towns and cities, and in remote and destitute places. At first some members of the medical profession looked somewhat askance at this movement, but as it came to be better understood it received cordial support. This promises to be the best monument of Lady Aberdeen in Canada, as the Nursing Association in India is of the Countess of Ava, the accomplished wife of Lord Dufferin, a previous Governor-General of the Dominion.

Her latest philanthropy is the Aberdeen Association, which collects and sends books, papers, pictures, toys, flower-seeds and the like to the sick in the hospitals, and to the lonely settlers in our great North-West.

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

THE EARL OF MINTO.

VALE ET AVE.

"The king is dead. Long live the king." There is no interregnum in British rule. While we speed the parting guest we welcome the coming one. The Earl of Minto, the new Governor-General, who arrived on the 12th of November, has a reputation as a soldier rather than a diplomat. Lord Minto was attaché to the British Embassy at Paris during the Commune, while in Canada fifteen years ago, he was Military Secretary to Lord Lansdowne, and later was Chief of Staff to General Middleton in the suppression of the revolt of the half-breeds in the Canadian North-West. He is a man of wealth, experience in military matters and in diplomacy. He is in ardent sympathy with the new Anglo-Saxon brotherhood of which we hear so much, and is pledged to do his utmost to promote it. He will receive a cordial welcome to Canada and the heartiest co-operation of our country in promoting peace and good-will with our kindred nation.

THE TWO SEAS.

There are two seas, the Future and the Past;
Between these seas there lies a narrow strait,
'Tis called the Present; through it, flowing fast,
The tides of ages pass nor e'er abate.

On these the transient lives of mortals go:
Some float serene, round some the surges roar;
Yet on that current's swift and changeless flow,
All seek that sea from whence they come no more.

Woodstock, N.B. —*D. E. Jackson.*

PATHFINDING ON PLAIN AND PRAIRIE.*

"I SAW MORE BUFFALO THAN I HAD EVER DREAMED OF BEFORE."

Few men have had the experience as pioneers of civilization of the McDougalls, father and son, and fewer still have had the ability to describe with such vividness and vigour their adventures. This book depicts a phase in the history of our great North-West, which has forever passed away. We are fortunate in having it so graphically photographed for us in Mr. McDougall's volume. This book will be read with eagerness, not merely by boys for its stirring tales of adventure, but by their elders for its vivid descriptions of our national inheritance in the great North-West—an inheritance of the extent and wealth of which few of us have any adequate conception. Most impressive is the picture by author's pen and artist's pencil of the great herds of buffalo that once covered these western plains.

"As we steadily trotted northward across the country," says Mr. McDougall, "and ever and anon broke into a canter, I saw more buffalo than I had ever dreamed of before. The woods and plains were full of them. During the afternoon we came to a large round plain, perhaps ten miles across, and as I sat my horse on the summit of a knoll looking over this plain, it did not seem possible to pack another buffalo into the space. The whole prairie was one dense mass, and as Paul and I rode around this large herd I could not but feel that my ideas concerning buffalo and the capability of this country to sustain them were very much enlarged. I had in the three years seen hundreds of thousands of buffalo, had travelled thousands of miles over new trails, but I had seen only a small number of the great herds, and but a very small portion of the great North-West. Truly these were God's cattle upon a thousand hills, and truly this greater Canada is an immense country."

* "Pathfinding on Plain and Prairie: Stirring Scenes of Life in the Canadian North-West." By John McDougall. With Illustrations by J. E. Laughlin. Methodist Book Rooms: Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Pp. 272. Price, $1.00.

Of all those myriads only a few score now survive, cooped up like cattle in barnyards. Their bones are piled up on the plains, and the buffalo have disappeared forever. The accounts of wolf and bear, and elk and buffalo hunting will gratify the most ardent love of adventure. The author's description of nature will inspire a love of the sublime and beautiful:

"It has always seemed to me in travelling up or down our ice-bound northern rivers, either by night or by day, that a solemn reverential feeling well befitted the scene. The long gentle sweeps, and the succeeding abrupt turnings of the river's windings; the high and sometimes precipitous forest-covered banks, always like great curtains casting shade and gloom and sombre colours; the fitful gleaming of sun or moon, or the brilliant flashes of the Aurora light; the howling of the timber wolf or the barking of a family of coyotes, sending echoes to reverberate through the canyons formed by tributary streams—all these could not fail to impress the traveller. To me, thoughtless and light-hearted as I was in those early days, there always came a feeling of reverence and awe, as though I were in the aisles of a tremendous cathedral."

"THE BRILLIANT FLASHES OF THE AURORA LIGHT."

A RHYME FOR CHRISTMAS.

A rhyme for Christmas, ye good folk all,
A song for the time o' year!
Make merry music in bower and hall,
With hey for a day of cheer!

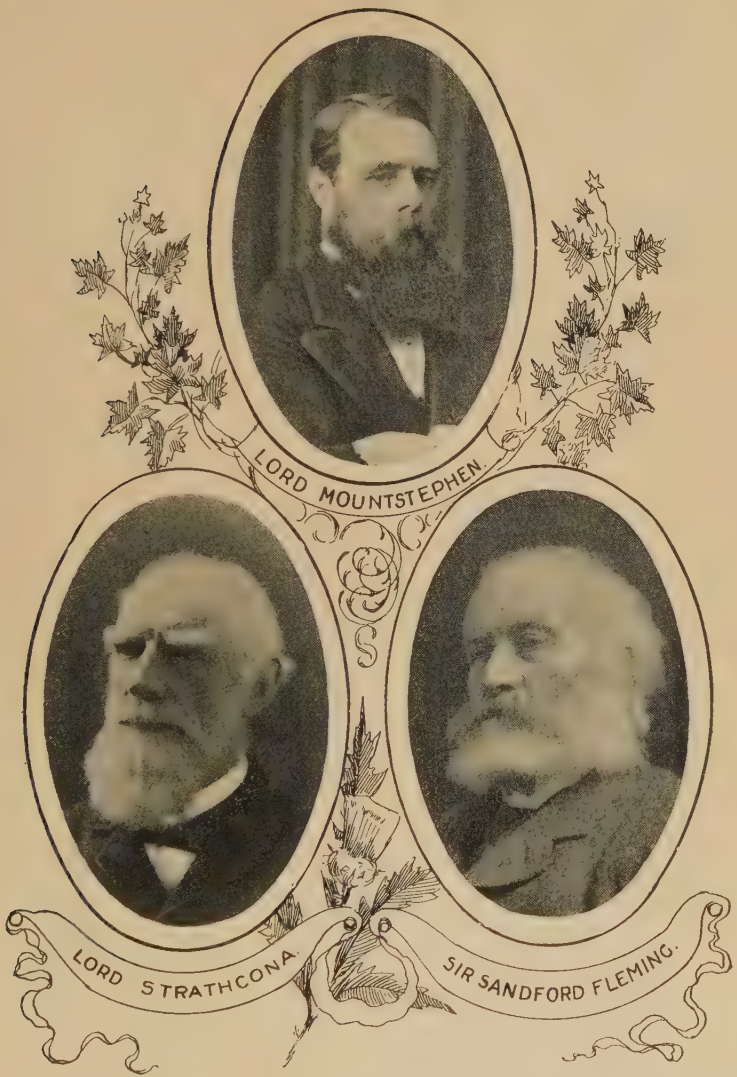
But season the jest with a kindly deed,
And let love deepen the song.
In the outer ways there are hearts that bleed
And hands that labour long.

As the yule-log burns and the gifts go round,
As the indoor romps are high,
Oh, gentles, hark to the doleful sound
Of the homeless 'neath the sky!

For how shall ye keep the Christmas-tide,
Or cherish its Founder's name,
Unless that your hearts be open wide
To His people's want and shame?

—*Richard Burton.*

THE STORY OF STEAM NAVIGATION.*



The author of this book has seen the growth of steam navigation from almost its first beginnings to its present enormous extent. The story of that growth is more wonderful than the tale of Aladdin's lamp. Our author well says: "When the history of the nineteenth century comes to be written, not the least interesting chapter of it will be that which treats of the origin, the development, and the triumphs of steam navigation—that mighty combination of inventive genius and mechanical force that has bridged the oceans and brought the ends of the earth together."

But great as the progress of the past

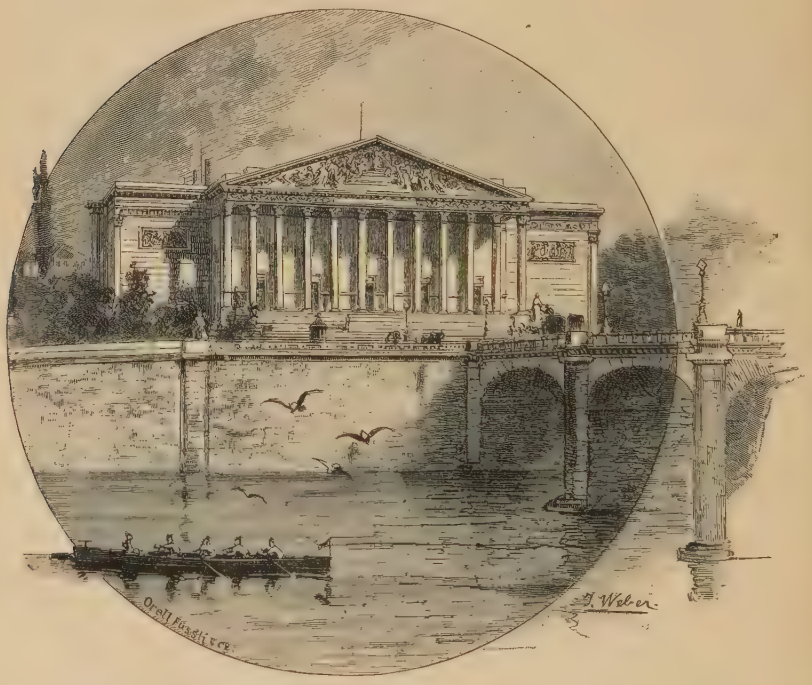
* "Steam Navigation and Its Relation to the Commerce of Canada and the United States." By James Croil, Montreal. With illustrations and portraits. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: The Montreal News Company, Limited. Pp. 381. Price, $1.50.

has been it predicts greater progress for the future. Travel, Mr. Croil asserts, increases in faster ratio than do facilities for intercommunication. He estimates that at least 750,000 persons travel yearly between Europe and America. In the near future that number will be greatly increased. Mr. Croil describes the dawn and early years of steam navigation, the achievements of the great transatlantic companies, the conquest of steam in eastern commerce and in the British navy. Coming nearer home he describes the achievements of steam navigation on the St. Lawrence route and on our own Great Lakes.

Few of us have any adequate conception of the triumph of engineering skill in a great ocean liner forging its way through the waters with the speed of a railway train, and carrying a population of two thousand souls. A single screw propeller weighs about thirty-nine tons, and costs $25,000. The twin ships *Campania* and *Lucania* are driven by the combined strength of thirty thousand horses. The numerous engravings—there are ninety-seven in all—illustrate some of the queer experiments of early navigation and the achievements of its later days, with portraits of the great captains of industry who have contributed so greatly to Britain's supremacy on the seas.

FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.*

BY W. HINTON.



THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES, PARIS.

The French Chamber of Deputies is that branch of the national legislative body corresponding to the House of Representatives in the United States, or House of Commons in Great Britain. Its membership is elected by universal suffrage and is proportioned among the political subdivisions in the ratio of one representative to every 100,000 of population. Members of the Chamber hold office four years.

* The tumultuous scenes which have recently taken place in the French Chamber of Deputies will give a special interest to the accompanying sketch of the constitution of that body by a writer in the *Epworth Herald*.

In point of numbers the Chamber of Deputies is the largest of the governing bodies, consisting of 532 members. Next in numerical order is the Senate, with 300 members. Of this number 225 are chosen by the people and seventy-five by the Senators themselves. The colonies of France have representation in the Senate.

Upon the two bodies above named rests the duty, sitting together in national assembly, of choosing a chief executive. By a wise provision the latter is nominated for a period of seven years, thus affording ample time to recover from the excitement invariably engendered by one presidential election before entering upon another. The president is aided by a cabinet of nine members, dignified by the title of ministers. The portfolios of these officers correspond to the departments of marine, war, finance, agriculture, etc., as is the case in this country. The presidential salary is $120,000 a year, with an allowance of $60,000 for household expenses. Under the monarchy the royal household cost the people as high as $5,000,000 annually.

To trace the origin of the Chamber of Deputies we need only turn back the pages of history to the comparatively modern times of the French Revolution. The famous convention which came into existence at that period assembled Sept. 21st, 1792. Its first act was to abolish the monarchy and to proclaim the republic. Then followed a reign of anarchy and bloodshed without a parallel in modern history. During fourteen months in Paris alone, under Robespierre, from thirty to sixty victims were sacrificed daily. The "reign of terror" came to an end with the execution of the tyrant and his accomplices. The event was hailed with universal joy. Prison doors were opened, the dreaded guillotine was dethroned, and the Convention was free to fulfil the object of its creation—the formation of a government and the drafting of a constitution that would represent the sovereignty of the people.

The deliberations of the Convention resulted in the organization of the Directory. The ancient Palais-Bourbon was the location chosen, and in 1798 the Council of Five Hundred was installed therein. The building, which faces the Pont-Royal on the left bank of the Seine, has recently celebrated its centennial anniversary as the seat of the most popular of French legislative bodies.

Napoleon changed the name of the building from Palais-Bourbon to Palais du Corps Legislatif. This name it retained until 1814, when it was designated as the Palais de la Chambre de Députés, by which name it is now known.

THE HON. J. W. LONGLEY ON LOVE.*

This is a very noteworthy book on a very noble theme—"the Greatest Thing in the World," to quote Prof. Drummond's phrase, echoing the words of St. Paul. Dr. Longley's book, he tells us, "was written with the object of claiming recognition of the great principle that love underlies religion, and must be the source of all spiritual life and growth." "The world," he thinks, "has taken on of late such an excessively material hue that the old truth needs to be revived and enforced." He has aimed to show that "love in its essence is the same in all its manifestations. It is simply a recognition of the tremendous principle that, while in the natural world self-preservation is the first law, in the spiritual world the conditions are exactly the reverse, and the first law of spiritual growth is self-sacrifice and self-effacement."

Attorney-General Longley makes the wise and just affirmation in justification of a politician's treatment of this subject, that "there is no actual distinction between secular and religious duties. Everything that a man does in this world is done in relation to his eternal destiny. Nothing which it is wrong for a religious teacher to do can be right for a politician to do."

With almost the whole of Dr. Longley's thesis we cordially agree. His book contains wise counsels and cautions and presents noble ideals of this noblest passion of which the soul is capable. There is

* "Love." By the Hon. J. W. Longley, D.C.L., Attorney-General of Nova Scotia. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited.

one chapter, however, to which we must take serious exception—that entitled, "What Love is Lawful?"

In this chapter Dr. Longley sets forth the following hypothetical case: "Two people united in marriage have discovered that they love not. . . . Are these two souls never to experience this vivifying influence of love? Are their souls to remain dead through all life, and are they to enter into the kingdom of heaven unillumined by one touch of that sublime essence which alone constitutes life and immortality? Here is a problem for casuists—here is a vista for orthodoxy to explore."

"Probably," Dr. Longley admits, "the highest line of duty and the largest of the spirit of love will be found in a resigned and patient acceptance of the situation. . . . But, while clinging to this resolve, love presents itself unawares and steals unconsciously into the heart of one or other of those beings, and that, too, in relation to another than the one to whom he is matrimonially bound.

"This new love which has, unfortunately, perhaps, been born, has possibly opened up new and lovelier visions of life; it has transformed the soul from a torpid indifference to life's great purposes into an elevating, pervading, palpitating impulse heavenward. Is it unlawful? Is any love unlawful? When does Love, heaven's own divine messenger to regenerate and lift up human hearts, become a thing of evil—a thing that must be shunned and put aside as dangerous and wicked?"

Dr. Longley does not answer this question; but very often the interrogative form is the strongest affirmation. If we understand the English language Dr. Longley here distinctly condones the sin against God and crime against society, which is distinctly condemned in the Seventh Commandment, uttered amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai, a command which has its sanctions in the very constitution of society and which is incorporated in the laws of every civilized nation.

"Again," continues Dr. Longley, "reverting to the case of the two persons between whom is no earthly impediment—they love and enter the holy of holies, mayhap without the uplifted hand of Mother Church. Politically this is an offence with severe social penalties. But who is ready with the inexorable religious proof that heaven's law has been ignored in this fruition of love? Bear in mind no one is venturing on dogma; no one is impeaching the sacredness of the institution of marriage; no one is questioning the expediency of maintaining it for the welfare of the state, for the preservation of morals, for the general uplifting of society. But, when we come to deal with immortal things, church cant, political expediency and social regulations fall short of the tremendous finalities. . . .

"Love is an essential phase of a woman's life. Love prompts to sacrifice, and sacrifice for the loved one is not only sweet but hallowed. Sometimes this love forgets rules and laws; sometimes love is betrayed.

"From a worldly point of view this is an awful thing; it leads to misery, shame, disgrace. From the world's standpoint it is a breach of human law, said to be based on the divine. But nowhere is the divine law written in such plain and inexorable characters as in the eternal laws of nature. Therefore, while the result of this breach of social law brings misery, shame, disgrace, from the world's point of view, who dares to say, viewing it from the standpoint of immortal impulses, that it is unlawful?"

This whole argument strikes us as subtle and sinister casuistry, as fraught with infinite evil to the individual and to society. The very weight of the official position and legal learning of the Attorney-General of Nova Scotia makes his argument more dangerous and deadly. Followed to its logical result it assails the very foundations of morality, the sanctity of the home, the welfare of the state. It seems to justify, if not to defend, the violation of the most solemn compact that any human beings can form. If generally accepted it would dissolve at once the bonds of morality and of religion.

What of the victim of this perfidy? A man woos and wins a maiden by his vows of love and eternal fidelity and confirms them at God's holy altar—"till death do them part." He discovers after awhile another "elective affinity" whom he loves better than his wife. Dr. Longley, if we can understand his argument, defends the right of this false and fickle Lothario to defy all the conventions of society, to trample upon the heart he has won, to wreck a household, to inflict incalculable wrong upon the offspring of the union so solemnly plighted. Worse still, what of the innocent offspring of an unblessed passion, brought into the world with a bar sinister upon their lives and condemned to bear the shame and penalty of their parents' sin?

The prevalence of such views as to the

sanctity of marriage has led in the United States to the fatal facility of divorce that disgraces the land of the Pilgrim Fathers. It is a wonder that the bones of the Puritans do not turn in their graves at the social crimes committed on the soil which they consecrated by their heroism and their fidelity to the eternal laws of God. Better, a thousand times better, both for the individual and for society, that the marriage tie be sacredly held to be indissoluble. All honour to the Roman Catholic Church for the high ground which it has taken on this subject. Better that even the victims of ill-assorted marriages should suffer, or, as Dr. Longley says, "should jog along their pathway of life without the illuminating influence of love," than that any man or any woman at the impulse of individual caprice should feel at liberty, on account of "incompatibility of disposition" or greater "elective affinity" for another, to sever old and form new domestic ties.

The very permanence and far-reaching consequences of the marriage relation, the tremendous issues at stake, make it all the more important that this life-long relation should not by any be "enterprised or taken in hand unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, and in the fear of God." But when two persons have have forever plighted their faith and established a household, its foundations should be unshaken as the everlasting hills.

Speak it not lightly, 'tis a holy thing,
A tie enduring throughout all future years.
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
And when thine eyes are wet with secret tears:
O kneel then humbly at God's altar now
And pray for strength to keep the marriage vow.

We regret having to dissent so strongly from the teachings of one chapter of Dr. Longley's, in the main, excellent book. It contains many just and noble sentiments and inculcates many lofty ideals, but we would be false to our duty as a conscientious reviewer if we failed to protest against what we conceive to be the dangerous doctrine of the chapter, "What Love is Lawful?"

THE ROAD HOME.

BY EMMA A. LENTE.

O Pilgrim, as you journey, do you ever gladly say—
In spite of heavy burdens and the roughness of the way—
That it does not surely matter, all the strange and bitter stress,
Heat and cold, and toil and sorrow—'twill be healed with blessedness—
For the road leads home?

Home! the safe and blissful shelter where is glad and full content,
And companionship of kindred; and the treasures, early rent
From your holding, shall be given back more precious than before.
Oh! you will not mind the journey with such blessedness in store,
When the road leads home.

Oh! you will not mind the roughness nor the steepness of the way,
Nor the chill, unrested morning, nor the dreariness of the day;
And you will not take a turning to the left or to the right,
But go straight ahead, nor tremble at the coming of the night,
For the road leads home.

And often for your comfort you will read the guide and chart;
It has wisdom for the mind and sweet solace for the heart,
It will serve you as a mentor, it will guide you sure and straight,
All the time that you will journey, be the ending soon or late,—
And the road leads home.

Then let the winds blow chilly, they cannot chill your heart;
Let the burdens press full heavy, and bravely bear your part;
You have only once to travel o'er the rough and thorny way,
And there always comes a sunset to the longest, weariest day,—
And the road leads home.

—*Zion's Herald.*

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO DARWIN.*

BY THE REV. W. S. BLACKSTOCK, D.D.

"The Gospel of Darwin" is evidently intended to be at once a eulogy on Darwinism and an attack upon the Christian religion; but the author furnishes us with no proof that he possesses any such knowledge of either of these subjects as to invest what he says with any degree of importance. Certainly, if he knows as little of Darwinism as he does of the Christian religion, he has no right to pose as its eulogist or its defender.

But Dr. Hutchinson has only fallen into an error which is common to a great many writers who, in recent times, have undertaken the demolition of Christianity—that of supposing that though extensive and careful reading and profound study are a necessary preparation for reputable authorship on any other great subject, all this may be dispensed with by one who undertakes the trifling task of subverting the faith of a large proportion of the wisest and best people in the most highly civilized and cultured nations of the earth.

It is not necessary to discuss in this place the question of the truth or falsehood of Darwinism. That is a question with which the Christian religion is not greatly concerned. Whether the Creator made every living thing at the beginning just as it exists to-day, or whether He made a few simple forms of life, or one such form, in which all that has ever appeared or will appear in both the flora and the fauna of this planet was potentially present, to be evolved during the course of the ages, is to the Christian believer a question of purely academic interest. It does not touch the foundations of his faith.

Evolution, assuming that all be true that is claimed by its expounders and defenders, is but a mode of Creation. It accounts for nothing without God, by whom this process and all the forces that are involved in it were originated and are sustained, and by whose supreme intelligence they are directed. This is a subject, therefore, that the Christian and the Christian apologist can afford to discuss in a calm and dispassionate spirit.

It is true, indeed, that between thirty and forty years ago this subject did present an alarming aspect to serious and thoughtful people; and it is not surprising, perhaps, that in the panic it created some earnest Christians lost their heads. Like the author of the book under review, they did not understand it. Thus evolution was represented—not indeed by Mr. Darwin himself, but by some of his followers and exponents of his doctrine—as something self-originated, self-sustained and self-directed, that was capable of accounting for everything without God, and the logical outcome of which was blank atheism. But a closer acquaintance with it, and a more perfect knowledge of it, has convinced us that it is entirely consistent with the theistic conception of the world.

It is altogether too late in the day to use Darwinism with any prospect of success as a weapon against Christianity; and to attempt to exalt it into a cult, or a religion, to supplant Christianity—a new gospel to take the place of "the old, old gospel" which has blessed so many millions of the human race, and which is exerting a more wide-spread and beneficent influence in the world to-day than ever before, is the very acme of absurdity, and can only have the effect of making Darwinism, to those who receive their conception of it from this book, an object of ridicule and contempt.

* "The Gospel According to Darwin." By Woods Hutchinson, M.A., M.D. Crown octavo, pp. 241. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Company. Price, $1.50.

MY WISH.

I do not crave that song of mine be sung
By famous tongue;
I do not crave that o'er my written page
A critic sage
Shall say, "'Tis well," and pass
The penciled portion from my heart

Atlanta, Ga.

To proud posterity, for students, classic
To con. Be this my part: [trained,
I wish some simple song I write
Shall find its way
To cheer a life, and bear it hope and light
And brighter day.

—*D. G. Bickers.*

The World's Progress.

The Decadence of France.

Recent events in the history of France cannot fail to call forth sympathy and regret in every friend of that once noble and chivalric nation. The civil and military corruption and fraud exhibited from the Panama scandal to the Dreyfus trial are omens of ill augury of the future of that land. If the springs of justice be defiled and a conspiracy of wrong be permitted, France must take its place among the "dying nations" to which Lord Salisbury recently alluded. The hideousness of the persecution of the Jews on account of the alleged treachery of Dreyfus is a symptom of moral insanity. It recalls the delirious outbreaks of fanaticism of the Middle Ages. While Great Britain elevates a Jew to the Lord Mayor's chair of the first city in the world, and even makes one of that race Prime Minister of the Empire, across the narrow channel their co-religionists are hunted like wild beasts through the boulevards of the gay pleasure capital of France.

No nation can be great that thus outrages the first principles of justice. In its army France has raised a Frankenstein which it may be difficult to lay. It will be remembered that the mischievous goblin of the German magician had to be kept employed or he would turn and rend his so-called master. The French army, though outranked in size by that of Germany and Russia, far surpasses any in Europe in its proportion to the population. France has one soldier for every eighty of its people. Russia, with the largest army in Europe, has only one soldier to every 132 of its population. Great Britain has only one soldier to every 270 of its population. These figures have reference only to what is called, somewhat ironically, the peace footing. How heavily, therefore, is France handicapped by every group of sixteen or twenty families maintaining in idleness an able-bodied professional soldier.

Sources of Wealth.

Turning to the wealth-producing shipping of the great powers, Great Britain has over 9,000,000 tons of mercantile shipping; Germany, 1,500,000 tons; France, 612,808 tons; Russia, 229,000 tons. These do not include coasting or fishing vessels, in which Britain is so rich, nor the tonnage of the colonies, which amounts to a million more, almost as much as that of Italy and Russia combined, giving the Empire a wealth-producing mercantile navy of over ten million tons. The tonnage entered and declared in the various parts of the empire during 1896-97 amounted to the enormous total of 194,026,171 tons, and the total value of the imports and exports, or in other words the ocean-borne commerce, amounted to the fabulous sum of £1,204,530,285 sterling.

In her war-ships Great Britain has also a marked preponderance over all her rivals. She has fifty-two battleships, with an average displacement of 11,245 tons, compared with twenty-seven battleships of France, of 9,725 tons; twelve of Russia, of 10,326 tons; and seventeen of Germany, of 6,698 tons. She has 129 cruisers against fifty-five of France, sixteen of Russia, and thirty-one of Germany. She has 50 swift torpedo boat destroyers to one of all the rest of Europe.

Moreover, Great Britain, with her great dockyards, her many docks, her coaling stations in every quarter of the world, can build and repair ships faster than all her rivals together, and can maintain them in fighting order on all the seas.

But her surest defence is found in "those ancient and unsubsidized allies, the winds and waves that guard her coasts," and in the free spirit and love and loyalty of her people. Great Britain and her Queen and counsellors are lovers of peace. The boulevard politicians of France think that they may nag at and annoy with impunity their friendly neighbour. But there is a limit to even John Bull's forbearance. If he be baited beyond the power of his endurance he will show his teeth and give an angry snarl. But choleric old fellow as he is when aroused, he still is very placable.

"He carries anger as the flint bears fire
Which much enforced showeth a hasty spark
And straight is cold again."

We believe that the combined result of

Britain's patient diplomacy and conscious strength will preserve the peace of Europe and the world.

As we have said, the chief peril is from the military classes in France, the great army bureaucracy, which seeks promotion and wealth, or perchance to conceal its frauds or regild its tarnished honour by precipitating a revolution at home or a war abroad.

Ever since the Roman soldiers elevated rival emperors on their shields and the Turkish janissaries deposed and put to death successive Sultans, a great standing army has been the menace of liberty and civilization. Thank God, the English-speaking races can carry on their vast share in the world's government with a minimum of military force.

Decay of Population.

Another element of weakness in the condition of France is the relative decay of its population. At the time of the Franco-Prussian war the German Confederacy and French Empire were not unequally matched in numbers. At the present rate of progress the German population will soon outnumber two to one that of France. No traveller in the two countries can fail to be struck with the superior physique of the brawny German soldiers and the undersized and inferior-looking fighting material of France. The more rapid and sturdier growth of the Teuton as compared with the Gaul is only the natural result of the superior social morality of the Germans from the time of Tacitus over their Latin rivals. The increasing use of absinthe brought from Algiers by the French troops is sapping the strength of the entire population.

Negation of Religion.

The chief cause of the decadence of France, however, is its practical abnegation of religion. When the Roman Catholic Church was a dominant power in France it was a bitter persecutor. It inspired the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the expulsion of the Huguenots, the massacre of St. Bartholomew and the oppression of the Protestants in the Cevennes. With the Revolution both throne and altar were overturned in the dust. Voltaire and the cyclopædists dipped their pens in gall, "sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer." The Christian Sabbath was abolished, the name of our Lord was obliterated from the calendar. A "Goddess of Reason" was enthroned in Notre Dame, on the tombs was written, "Death is an eternal sleep."

Religion has never regained control of the French people. Education became utterly secularized. Even under the Republic, Paul Bert, the Minister of Education, ordered the very name of God to be expunged from all text-books and even from translations of "Robinson Crusoe." The Sabbath is the fête day for army reviews, races, and regattas, as it is in Spain for bull fights. Few men are found in the churches, and Sunday is the gala-day at the theatres.

The madness of the Commune in 1872 was but the recrudescence of the coarse infidelity of the Reign of Terror. Small wonder that the French Empire collapsed like a house of cards before the impact of the sturdy German legions. Whatever faults he may have, the Teuton is essentially a religious being, and has been from the days of his worship of Thor and Odin. The German sovereigns have considered themselves vicegerents of Almighty God. In State documents, decrees, and proclamations, the sovereignty of the Most High is devoutly recognized. The Reformation of Luther, the reading of Luther's German Bible and the singing of Luther's hymns have given a moral earnestness to the German people. Even Bismarck, the man of "blood and iron," devoutly acknowledged God, and declared himself to be His soldier and servant. Kaiser Wilhelm I. and Frederick II. were profoundly religious men, and the present Kaiser regards himself as the spiritual as well as military head of the empire. His very pilgrimage to Jerusalem possesses a religious character.

Anglo-Saxon Superiority.

Since the above was written we have noticed a review in the *Independent* of a recent book by a French author, Edmond Demolins, entitled "Anglo-Saxon Superiority: to What it is Due." This book has reached in France its tenth edition. It is a book on what Carlyle calls "the dismal science" of political economy. It is the best read book in France, and touches French pride and ambition to the very quick. The *Independent* says:

M. Demolins' theme is the decadence of France and the growing Anglo-Saxon mastery of the world. He assumes the fact and then proves it. He develops it, expands it, illustrates it with a cruel iteration of Angle-Saxon examples, shows how it came about, what it has cost, and

in what conditions it is sure to grow worse and the whole world pass under Anglo-Saxon dominion.

The book must be gall and wormwood to a Frenchman. It makes them drink a bowl spiced as no bowl ever was spiced before that one patriotic Frenchman offered to another. And yet they devour it, twenty thousand copies in a year. Never again let us wonder at the fascination which the prophet Jeremiah had for the people of Israel.

Yet the book is neither pessimistic nor bitter. It leaves to France its great history, its present power and civilization, and the possibilities of the future. It begins with an attack on the national education, which M. Demolins asserts is contrived to produce functionaries, while the systems pursued in England and America are intended to form men.

In France officialism absorbs the attention and ambition of the young men, and diverts them from the great industries, occupations and sources of wealth, while militarism on the one hand and socialism on the other import elements of weakness and failure into the state which the Anglo-Saxon countries have been far better able to resist.

He broadens out the scope of his ideas to bring the present Kaiser under fire, and winds up with the assertion that France need not concern itself about its rivals across the Rhine. If William II. guides the national education, militarism, officialism and socialism will promptly end all the expansive force Germany acquired under the old system and is rapidly losing under the new.

Why is France falling behind? Why is the Anglo-Saxon making himself master of the world? These are the questions which ring out on every page. Answered in a thousand different ways and illustrations, they all give the one reply: It is because France brings up her sons in the wrong way, does not train them to right views of life, the world and themselves, nor to front the world with the whole power and resource of a man.

The author contrasts the result of Anglo-Saxon development in North America and of the Latin races in South America. On the one side, a forward motion of society and the greatest development of agriculture, commerce and industry; on the other, society thrown backward and plunged to grovel in a morass of idle, unproductive town life, and given up to officialism and political revolutions. In the North we have the rising of the future; in the South the crumbling and decaying past.

Be it remembered that in this book it is not accidents, externals, imperialism, nor anything artificial, theatrical or lucky, that builds up a nation, but always it is the hard, potent reality of power and force, character, manly pluck and good hard work that wins. The keynote of the whole is character, as the master-force in the world and the method on which it is to be built up, and that nations are constructed as individuals are.

We note as one of the finest and most beautiful points of the book its deep, strong and pervasive ethical and even religious tone. "I am no sceptic, but a believer, attached to a positive form of religion, with its dogmas, and to a Church."

The following figures are a significant gauge of intelligence of "the man behind the gun" in the nations. Russia's ignorant masses will be left far behind in the march of civilization: France spends $4 *per capita* annually for its army and 70 cents for education; England $3.72 for war, 62 cents for education; Prussia $2.04 war, 50 cents education; Russia $2.04 war, 3 cents education; Italy and Austria, each, about $1.50 for war and 35 cents for education. Switzerland spends 82 cents for its army, 84 cents for its schools, and the United States, before the Spanish-American war, 30 cents for its army, and $1.35 for its schools. Edward Everett says: "Education is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army!"

Rescued from the Turks.

Great Britain has a genius for colonial government. The United States will, doubtless, take a leaf out of the book of the mother country in this respect. An American missionary, Dr. George E. Post, of Beyrout, writes thus on this subject:

"The government of Cyprus is a model which our new Porto Rico and Cuba administrators might well imitate. A hundred English soldiers represent the British Empire. A very small number of civil servants conduct the various bureaus of administration. But most of the governing is done by natives. Nevertheless it is well done. Life and property are safe. A good common school system, supported by the people, has been introduced. A very efficient constabulary has been organized. And, best of all, a native legislature does the important work of nationalizing and popular-

izing all these reforms. The result is amazing. Twenty years have transformed an ill-governed Turkish province into a colony, governed by its own people, on Anglo-Saxon principles. All classes of the population are emphatic in their praise of the justice and equity of the administration. . . I look with complacency on the opportunity now offered to our people to acquire similar powers and virtues. I believe that the necessity of governing distant dependencies will do much to modify our civil service usages, and introduce a higher tone into public life."

A similar result will, doubtless, follow in Crete. The Turks are being bundled out bag and baggage by the British Admiral, and under a protectorate of the powers the old historic island will undergo a political and social regeneration.

cartoon which is just now flooding all England represents a ferocious bulldog guarding the flag, with the motto, "What we have we'll hold," and the Jingo jingle, "We don't want to fight, etc."

All this is beneath the dignity of a great nation. Its tendency is to stir up evil passions at home and exasperate and irritate the proud and sensitive French people and to make it more difficult to settle peaceably a difficult problem. Would that the teachings of the Golden Rule would prevail on both sides of the channel. "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice."

The humourists are not slow to depict

BUT RECENTLY A SOBER PROHIBITIONIST.

NOW AN IMPASSIONED LOVER OF STIMULANTS.

in caricature the changed relations of Uncle Sam since his conquests in the Antilles and the Philippines. The *New York Herald* portrays him as transformed from the long, lank, lean, hungry-looking figure to which we are accustomed, to a tremendously rotund individual who brings down a heavily-loaded scale, and subscribes to the certificate that "after four months use of the great humanitarian expansion specific" he finds himself growing fatter and fatter. The *New York World* takes a different view of the case. Uncle Sam is receiving violent electric shocks from a battery which he finds it impossible to let go, labeled Philippine Islands. The accompanying cartoon from the Berlin "Kladderadatsch" shows the exhilarating effect upon a Monroe prohibitionist of the Philippine and Cuban wine.

Misused Power of the Press.

Bismarck had a profound conviction of the power of the press. He made use of it largely himself, and declared that it had brought on the three great wars in Europe in which he was so conspicuous an actor. The Jingo press of the United States did much to precipitate the Spanish-American war. By an unusual contrast the British press has been much more excited over the Fashoda affairs than that of France. A cartoon in *Punch* has become historic. It has been reproduced in the leading papers of the world. A Chicago paper prints it with the statement that it almost set Europe in a blaze. Another cartoon in a London paper represents the Sirdar on his camel confronting a pugnacious little French poodle and saying, "Now then, little dog, out of the way or I shall be over you." Another

The New Crusader.

The visit of the Kaiser to Jerusalem suggests, both by analogy and contrast, the crusade of our English Lion Heart seven hundred years ago. Both were young, valorous, full of martial enthusiasm, but Cœur de Lion fought his way through the serried troops of Saladin, while Kaiser Wilhelm is escorted by the effendi of the Moslem power, against which all Christendom fought in the crusades.

Richard I. captured by assault the same port of Acre where the Kaiser was welcomed by Turkish guns. Richard toiled over the stony hills, Wilhelm was borne in a railway train. Richard wore his shirt of iron mail, the Kaiser had forty suits of uniform and was photographed in each of them.

It is a strange spectacle, that of the cloisters. Several very deep, and finely-vaulted cisterns, with arches forty-eight feet high, may be discerned through openings in the ground, to which we threw down stones to hear the echo returned. Part of the old church is incorporated in the new structure. The massive tower is the most conspicuous object in the Holy City. For the imperial pilgrim a new carriage-road was constructed up the Mount of Olives, over which the world's Redeemer, meek and lowly, riding upon an ass, made *His* triumphal entry into Jerusalem. One account states that the city wall was broken down to give entrance to the imperial cavalcade. How different the spirit of Godfrey de Bouillon, the first Latin king of Jerusalem, who fell prostrate on his knees at sight of the Holy City, and refused to be crowned

RUINS OF CHURCH AND HOSPITAL OF KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN, JERUSALEM.
Site of new Church of the Redeemer.

Protestant Emperor the honoured guest of the Great Assassin of the Bosphorus, exchanging costly gifts and courtesies; and, under the protection of the direst foe of Christendom, visiting the places made sacred evermore by the life and labours of our Lord. Upon the very site of the church founded, tradition avers, by Charlemagne, and enlarged by the Christian Knights of St. John, the Emperor, on the anniversary of Luther's nailing his thesis to the church door at Wittenberg, dedicated the Church of the Redeemer.

This spot we visited with intense interest a few years ago. The hospice was a magnificent building, supported by 178 columns and pillars. Its ruins were exceedingly impressive. The open grass-covered court is surrounded by lovely with gold where his Saviour was crowned with thorns.

A German editor has been condemned for *lese majeste* for comparing the dying words of our Lord on Golgotha with those of the war lord of Europe. It is fortunate for the present writer that he is not a German subject, but a free citizen of that land where a man may speak the word he thinks.

The political purpose of the Kaiser's visit seems to be to obtain concessions for German colonization in Asia Minor. In five years, it is said, a German railway will be running from Constantinople to the upper waters of the Euphrates. An English writer predicts that Babylon and Nineveh will become more magnificent than in their lordliest prime. If so, it will have to be under other than Otto-

man rule. If the Kaiser can accomplish in Turkey what Britain has done in India it will be a gain to civilization.

The Kitchener Banquet.

The favourite London method of honouring a hero is to give him a banquet, make him a member of the Fishmongers' Guild, and present him the freedom of the city, whatever that means. At the Kitchener banquet at Guild Hall the City Clerk read a document setting forth that certain citizens, one described as a butcher, one as a barber, one as a stationer, had declared the General to be a fit and appropriate person to be so honoured. And why not? It was not by knights and baronets that the battle of Omdurman was won, but by hard-headed Tommy Atkins and his kin from Loamshire and the London slums. Though Great Britain is in one aspect one of the oldest and proudest aristocracies in the world, it is also one of the most democratic communities. The makers of England have been the sons of the soil who have shed their blood and left their bones on every foughten field of English history.

Jew-Baiting.

The Jew-baiters of the Paris boulevards will find that it doesn't pay to outrage and wrong even a humble member of so great and powerful a community. The wealthy Jews of Australia have already resolved to boycott the French fashions and the Paris Exposition. In Broadway, New York, are over a thousand splendid shops and stores of Jewish merchants. If they should stop their purchases of Parisian jewellery and costly wares the boulevardiers would find their Jew-baiting a rather serious game. The Jewish bankers of London and Hamburg and Brussels and Paris could seriously cripple the business of France in either peace or war.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

The Million Dollar Fund.

The million dollar scheme may now be considered as fairly launched. Several of the Annual Conferences, and many of the leading laymen and ministers of the Methodist Church had already given it their warm support before the meeting of the General Conference. That Supreme Court of the Church gave it its official sanction and strongest endorsation. Certain modifications of the plan were introduced in order to secure widest popularity and co-operation. The donors may select any one of the different objects set before the Church as that to which their givings shall be appropriated. These objects are as follows: First, higher education; the needs of our seven colleges, universities, and theological institutions. Second, missions, home and foreign. Third, superannuation and supernumerary funds. Fourth, local church debts.

It remains with the Annual Conferences to devise the best means for reaching every circuit, every appointment, and every individual in the Connexion. It is not designed that this shall be a rich man's fund, made up of the subscriptions of a few wealthy and generous friends. It is rather to be the great thank-offering of the entire Church. The humblest member in the remotest hamlet, the youngest child in our Sunday-school, may have a share in this glorious work. It is not that which costs us nothing, the mere overflowing of our cup of benefits, that we should offer unto God, but something that is baptized and consecrated with the spirit of self-denial and self-sacrifice. Only these can call down the richest spiritual blessings. Let the motto of this thank-offering be the words of Malachi, "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Thus may we expect a great wave of spiritual revival to come upon us, which shall float the Church on a high tide of religious prosperity across the boundary of the twentieth century.

But the opinion of the Conference and of the Executive Committee of this fund was that the enthusiasm of its inception should not be allowed to wane during the interval between now and the Annual

Conferences, but that in gracious purpose, in high resolve, in systematic preparation the beginning shall be made now. "Let everyone lay by him in store as God has prospered him," that he may be ready when the appeal is made to give more largely and liberally than if it were left to the mere spur of the moment.

The General Treasurer, the Rev. Dr. Potts, will be most happy to receive and to bank any contributions which generous donors may wish to send. These shall be duly credited to the Conference where the donor resides.

A vigorous circular, signed by the General Superintendent as chairman, and Dr. Potts as secretary, closes as follows:

"With a General Board of fifty members from among the prominent ministers and laymen of our Connexion, divided into sections covering all parts of our work; with the Annual Conferences by their own utterances already pledged to the project; with all the worthy objects of support spread out for individual choice; we have reason to believe that the spirit which sought to express its gratitude to the Almighty Father for the glorious achievements of the Christian era will find herein such opportunity as shall make the twentieth century of that era rich above all former records of Christian deed."

All subscriptions and communications to be addressed to the Rev. John Potts, D.D., General Secretary, Toronto.

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes is signalizing his presidency of the Wesleyan Conference by a series of religious conventions in the principal centres of Methodist influence in Great Britain, from Cornwall to Cumberland. Their object is to promote the spiritual life of the people. A special hymn-book has been prepared which is sold at the low price of one penny. A fund is organized to aid the poorer local preachers and class-leaders in attending these conventions and providing them billets. In no way can the end of the century be so gloriously signalized as by a sweeping revival of religion throughout the hosts of Methodism. Nothing will so greatly aid the raising of the million guineas in the Old Land and the million dollars in the Dominion as such a revival. A mighty baptism of the Spirit of God upon both the pulpit and the pew would solve the question of the preaching needed for the times.

The great mission hall plan is effective in the larger British cities. In London Hugh Price Hughes and Mark Guy Pearce have conducted a great West End work. In Manchester the rallying place is the Central Hall Mission. Into this place all sorts and conditions of men are gathered. One of the workers describes his experience as follows: "On one recent Sunday evening I spoke in the prayer-meeting to a publican; an ex-local preacher fallen through drink; a theatre proprietor: an avowed sceptic, a Greek scholar, who is now an earnest seeker after truth; a pitman; and a travelling notoriety seeker, who is journeying round the world, starting from San Francisco, and receiving only such food and lodging as are offered him. He was amongst the Sunday afternoon casuals."

Mr. H. T. Parke, a well-known Liberal and Wesleyan of Withnell, North Lancashire, has retired from business as a cotton manufacturer, and has presented £20,000 to be divided among old work-people of twenty years' standing. None have received less than £60, several have got £200, one £600, and two £1,000 each.

Rev. G. Watts, of Geelong, Australia, who died recently in his eighty-third year, was the second minister who went to Victoria. He belonged to the Primitive Methodist Church.

Methodist Union in Australia.

Australian Methodists have made gratifying progress toward unification, says the *Outlook*. It has been already realized in Queensland. In South and West Australia it is to be accomplished next year, when the first Conference of the united bodies—Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, and Bible Christians—is to be held at Adelaide in March. In the other Australian colonies union is delayed by a variety of impediments, but it believed that these are likely to be removed in a few years at most.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

We present our congratulations to the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States on the fact that the missionary debt, the result of its very missionary successes, has been wiped out. This had grown to nearly two hundred thousand dollars and, as all debts do, was consuming with a voracious appetite many thousands a year in interest. The Missionary Committee, in session at the time

of writing, will sing a *Jubilate* and make its arrangements for entering the wide opening doors of the new century with gladness of heart.

The last number of the *Christian Advocate* gave a comprehensive survey of the mission field, with inspiring reports from every quarter of the globe.

The Twenty Million Dollar Fund.

The bishops during their meeting at Springfield, Mass., took action that must inspire the Church as the blast of a bugle inspires soldiers in battle. They decided that the best way for the Church to commemorate the opening of the twentieth century was by a special contribution of twenty million dollars, to be known as the "Twentieth Century Memorial Fund." They ask the Church for this amount as a thank-offering to God for His blessings upon the Methodist Episcopal Church throughout its history. They recommend that $10,000,000 of the fund be devoted to the erection of buildings and to endowments for educational institutions, and that $10,000,000 be devoted to the general benevolent objects of the Church, the payment of church debts, founding of hospitals, etc. This is the largest sum ever asked for in the history of the Christian Church. What an heroic movement of Methodism on both sides of the sea.—*Northwestern.*

Methodism and Missions.

The *Churchman* has been collecting statistics of mission work, both foreign and domestic, of some of the principal denominations in the United States for the special purpose of noting the position taken by the Protestant Episcopal Church. It finds that during the past year the largest amount for foreign missions was given by the Methodist Episcopal Church —$977,491. Next come the Presbyterian Church with $899,387; the Baptists with $782,474; the Congregationalists with $643,283, and the Episcopal Church with $283,121. In total contributions for all purposes the Methodists again lead with $16,769,064; then come the Presbyterians with $13,298,011; the Episcopalians, $12,751,181; Baptists, $12,036,315, and Congregationalists, $9,089,142. If we look at the percentages for foreign missions the Congregationalists show 7.08, or $1.03 per communicant; the Presbyterians, 6.76, or 94 cents per communicant; the Baptists, 6.5, or 80 cents per communicant; the Methodists, 5.83, or 34 cents per communicant; and the Episcopalians, 2.22, or 44 cents per communicant. On the foreign field the Methodists lead with the number of workers—5,652; the Baptists follow closely with 5,001; then the Congregationalists, 2,956; Presbyterians, 1,776; Episcopalians, 413. In communicants the Baptists lead with 202,527, and the Methodists have 169,629, these two, however, including work in Northern Europe. The Congregationalists have 44,606; Presbyterians, 34,606; Episcopalians, 4,074. In the home field in contributions the Presbyterians lead off with $702,403; then come the Methodists with $649,953; Congregationalists, $592,227; Baptists, $516,144, and the Episcopalians, $402,038.

We are glad to note that our own *Missionary Outlook* is to be enlarged in size one-half, and is to continue the joint organ of the Woman's and General Missionary Society. In the last number the Missionary Secretary makes an urgent appeal for wiping out the missionary debt of $16,000 and for contributing a round quarter of a million from collections to the Missionary Fund. Canadian Methodists are giving as much per head as any Church in the world, with the exception, we think, of the Moravian Brethren. Let us try and measure up to the devotion and consecration of that intensely missionary Church.

We give a cordial welcome to the *Canadian Epworth Era*, the new Epworth League paper to be issued under the editorship of the very successful League Secretary, the Rev. A. C. Crews. This, we are confident, will be an admirable medium of intercommunication between our young people's societies. Let the Leagues take hold of it with vigour and make it the success it deserves to be.

Dr. William Cochrane.

The death of the late Dr. William Cochrane, of Brantford, is a loss not only to the Presbyterian Church but to all the Churches. He was one of the most indefatigable Christian workers in the Dominion. For thirty-six years he had charge of one of the most important congregations in Ontario. It was said of him that he weighed only ninety-five pounds, ninety pounds of which was backbone. The precise avoirdupois is unimportant. He was like Browning's hero, "ever a fighter" against all sin

and the Man of Sin. He was busy alike with tongue and pen, in the pulpit and on the platform. He died in the harness, and "ceased at once to work and live." But his memory is an abiding heritage to our common Canadian Christianity.

Ritualism in England.

The Rev. Thomas Bowman Stephenson, LL.D., writes thus in the *Christian Advocate* on the growth of Ritualism in England:

"There is great and deep feeling in England at present respecting the Romanizing tendencies of the Church of England. Mr. Kensit, a publisher, has forced the subject into prominence by protesting aloud in some of the churches in which Romanist practices have been carried farthest. He has also formed a body of itinerant evangelists, whom he calls 'Wycliffe preachers,' who are to go through the country rousing the Protestant feeling. In the last days of the Parliamentary session a good deal of debate occurred on this subject, in the course of which Sir William Harcourt, who at present leads the Liberal Party, took an attitude of strong opposition to the Romanizing clergy.

"In one church recently was held a service called the 'veneration of the cross,' in which a huge cross was brought into the chancel by the clergyman and his assistants, with all sorts of genuflections, and the people were invited to come forward and kiss it, which many did! Worst of all, confession to the priest is being pressed upon the people by clerical authority; and the reservation of the bread is being practised, though in the teeth of the regulations of the Prayer Book. The bread of the sacrament, instead of being consumed at the time, is after 'consecration' put away upon the 'altar,' in imitation of the Romish practice of keeping the wafer in a 'monstrance,' and exhibiting it from time to time to the congregation. All this, of course, is to bring back the doctrine of transubstantiation, in effect if not in very phrase. Most of the bishops sympathize with the high ecclesiastical movement, and the others are Broad Churchmen, whose first principle is to maintain the 'comprehensiveness' of 'the Church.' The net result is that the priestly party will be allowed to do practically anything they please, if only it is not outrageous enough to rouse national indignation. Altogether, the outlook for Protestantism in the Church of England is not bright. The fact is, that the Episcopal Church, which was once the bulwark against Rome, has become the bridge to Rome."

The Magazine and Review for 1899.

We expected that the story of "Rhoda Roberts" would have reached its conclusion before this date. It has been found, however, impossible to get it all in the numbers for the current year. It will end in the January number of 1899. The arrangements are not yet complete for the serial by the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, so no positive announcement can be made. We expect, however, to present a story from his vigorous pen.

We hope that every reader of this magazine will promptly renew his subscription and will try to send us one or mere additional names. Remember the special offer of the November and December numbers free to all new subscribers. The arrangements for our twenty-fifth year are, we think, the most comprehensive and satisfactory we have ever made. Let us end the century with a largely increased circulation list and greatly improved Magazine and Review. Our ideal is to furnish household reading that shall give a spiritual inspiration and uplift, that shall strengthen for duty, instruct in righteousness and help to build noble lives, that shall greatly help the promotion of whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.

Items.

It was Rev. Robert Eaglen, a Primitive Methodist minister at Colchester, who preached the sermon at Colchester which led to the conversion of Mr. Spurgeon.

The Bishop of Ripon applied to Rev. Hugh Price Hughes for information as to the number of laymen employed in the Wesleyan Church directly in spiritual work. The number, it is believed, is not less than 250,000, and seventy-five per cent. of Methodist pulpits are occupied every Sunday by laymen.

A great farewell meeting for outgoing missionaries was held at Wesley's Chapel, London, on September 23rd. Dr. Rigg, who presided, pronounced it the greatest public meeting in the history of missions in his time, saying that he "never saw a meeting . . . representative of such depths of conviction, such breadth of sympathy, such proved and tested zeal and love."

Book Notices.

Upper Canada Sketches. By THOMAS CONANT. With illustrations, portraits and map. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Pp. 243. Price, $3.50.

This is the handsomest piece of book-making which has issued from the Methodist Publishing House. The thick cream-laid paper, wide margin, gilt top and coloured lithographs make this indeed an *edition de luxe*. Mr. Thomas Conant has been before the country for many years as a public-spirited citizen, an extensive traveller, and a vigorous writer. Coming of good old U. E. Loyalist stock, he was brought up in sympathy with Canadian institutions and Canadian pioneer life. "I have sought," he says, "to present glimpses of the rude, free life that obtained in the earlier years of settlement, while at the same time depicting some phases of life in Canada as seen at the present day." He testifies to the remarkable change in the social habits of the people, especially in its drinking customs. He gives statistics for showing that the people of Canada raise about three dollars per head per annum for religious purposes, and five dollars per head per annum for life insurance for the protection of widows and orphans. "Verily," he says, "there is no more generous people on this globe." The incidents and adventures of the War of 1812, of the Rebellion and of the Fenian raids, give a very stirring character to several chapters of this book. The twenty-seven expensive chromo-lithographs are a marked feature of the volume.

Biblical Apocalyptics. A Study of the Most Notable Revelations of God and of Christ in the Canonical Scriptures. By MILTON S. TERRY, D.D. New York: Eaton & Mains. Toronto: William Briggs. 8vo. Pp. 513. Price, $3.00.

Dr. Terry has added to the many obligations under which he has laid the Christian Church by his previous volumes still another by this masterly treatise on "Biblical Apocalyptics." He recognizes at the very outset what a many-sided book the Bible is. He rebukes the one-sided and misleading trend of thought which has furnished occasion for all manner of vagaries and Biblical interpretation. He takes up the principal revelations of God to mankind from the apocalypse of creation to that of St. John.

Dr. Terry is not the least alarmed at the freest and most radical criticism of the sources of the books of the Bible. "God," he says, "will smite that whited wall of a Protestantism which boasts its encouragement of a free and fearless searching of the Scriptures, and yet dishonours its throne of judgment by imposing stripes on the truth-loving disciple of Jesus, who studies with all diligence to present himself approved unto God and to handle aright the Word of truth."

We have placed this book in the hands of Chancellor Burwash for a more full and adequate treatment than time or space will here permit.

The Wonderful Century. Its Successes and Its Failures. By ALFRED RUSSELL WALLACE. Toronto: George N. Morang; William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

The most marked note in the history of the present century is its scientific progress. No man living is better qualified for recording that progress than the distinguished scientist, Alfred Russell Wallace. This book, however, is not so much a history of the century in science, as an appreciation of its achievements and failures. Mr. Wallace dwells even more upon the failures of our civilization than on its achievements. We regard this book as one of the most important issues of the year.

The author discusses the achievements in the modes of travelling, labour-saving machinery, the conveyance of thought, new applications of light, discoveries in physics and chemistry, new astronomical and cosmic theories, discoveries in physiology. Among the failures he notes the neglect of phrenology, of psychical research. He denounces vaccination as a delusion and its enforcement as a crime. He brands militarism as the curse of civilization, and denounces the demon of greed and plunder of the earth. In our next number will appear a comprehensive review of this volume from the pen of the Rev. Dr. Blackstock.

Alfred Tennyson. Poems and Dramas. Cambridge Edition. Octavo. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $2.00.

It is a great advantage to have the complete works of a favourite author in a single, well-indexed volume. This makes it much more convenient to verify a quotation or turn to a favourite poem than to have to ransack half a dozen volumes. The Cambridge Tennyson is the uniform style, with the standard editions of Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Browning and Burns, issued by the same house. The editor is Dr. W. J. Rolfe. He furnishes a concise biography, chronological bibliography and eighty pages of notes and illustrations which, with his brief introductions, add greatly to the value of the book. A hundred or more earlier poems are included in this which are omitted from the English editions. Even those who have more costly and many-volumed editions will find this one, we judge, indispensable for frequent use. We know no better apparatus for the study of Tennyson than this annotated edition.

Missions and Politics in Asia. Studies of the Spirit of the Eastern Peoples, the Present Making of History in Asia, and the Part Therein of Christian Missions. By Robert E. Speer. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Co.; William Briggs. Price, $1.00.

This is not so much a narrative of missionary adventure as a philosophical study of the mission field, its difficulties and dangers, its problems and its possibilities. Great as these difficulties are among the Buddhist and pagan nations they are greater still among the Moslems. The writer declares the Turkish government is evil and corrupt and ought to be brought to an end. Stamboul has become an asylum for the rascality of the East and West alike. Professor Freeman asserts that the Turk is an alien and barbarian. His rule has been one of cruelty, faithlessness and brutal lust. It has not been government, but organized brigandage. While other nations get better and better the Turk gets worse." The whole chapter on Southern Asia is a tremendous indictment of Turkish rule. The chapters on China and Japan will be of special interest to our readers on account of our missionary operations in these two countries.

Converse With the King. Scripture Selections for Each Day of the Year, Arranged Topically. By Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A. Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price, $1.00.

We are glad to note the increase of books of a devotional character—helps to the growth of religion in the soul. Amid the flood of frivolous reading it is gratifying to note that the Word of God never had so many and such earnest students as to-day. The scope of this book is described on its title page. "Its purpose is not to supersede Bible study, but to entice to it; to give to weary toilers in their spare moments the results of days and weeks of labour; to supply prepared food for hungry souls, ready help for private devotion, family worship and public service, and especially to aid young people; to provide also a ready hand-book for ministers and students." The book is strongly endorsed by our own Dr. Potts, Dr. Thomas, and the late Dr. Cochrane. The author clinches the teachings of the selection for each day by an appropriate verse. Most of these verses give evidence of his own high poetic talent.

Corean Sketches. By Rev. James S. Gale, B.A. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company; William Briggs. $1.00.

This book has special interest to Canadian readers from the fact that Mr. Gale we may consider a Canadian missionary. He received his training at Toronto University, and well sustains the reputation of Canada in the foreign field. He has spent several years in what was till recently the hermit nation. His descriptions are full of life and local colouring, with a strong vein of humour. He has keen sympathy with the people of Corea, and gives them generous praise and intelligent criticism. The pictures and descriptions of punishments in Corea make us feel that the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.

The Blindman's World, and Other Stories. By Edward Bellamy. With a prefatory sketch by W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Pp. 415. Price, $1.50.

With the death of Edward Bellamy one of the most earnest-souled of Amer-

ican writers has passed away. He wrote not merely to amuse, but to inspire. We have heard his "Looking Backward" strongly commended from the pulpit by Bishop Vincent. In this volume he is the subject of a thoughtful essay by W. D. Howells. His social theory we think was defective in that he dwelt too much on the material benefits of the higher civilization of the future, not on its moral and spiritual uplift. This book contains a series of stories in lighter vein. "The Blindman's World" describes the advanced civilization of the planet Mars, with its lessons for the planet Earth. The sketches have all the author's well-known charm, but are of rather light material.

The Puritans. By ARLO BATES. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

This is not, as its name might lead one to expect, a story of the grim old Pilgrim Fathers, the makers of New England, who, with Bible and flint-lock, fought the savages and laid the foundations of empire. It is rather an account of the Boston Brahmin caste of to-day. It brings on the scenes some very marked types of the modern Athens, which like the ancient "Mother of Arts and Eloquence," gives such generous reception to every new "ism" and "ology" of the times. In this intellectual centre there are, we judge, more religious cranks and crooks, more seekers after new gods, than in any other city in Christendom. We have sharply-etched vignettes of two ascetic young Episcopal clergymen, of some Theosophic teachers of Oriental mysteries, of some high priests of the spiritualistic fraud, and of other types of the latest "Yankee notions" in religion. We do not think the new Puritans any improvement on the old ones.

The literary quality of the book is, like all the author's work, of a superior character. The titles of the thirty-seven chapters of this book are all Shakespearean phrases.

The Battle of the Strong. A Romance of Two Kingdoms. By GILBERT PARKER. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Limited; William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

This latest is also, we judge, the best of the books of this distinguished Canadian author. Its scene is placed chiefly in that curious dependency of Great Britain, the island of Jersey, more French than English. Its people claim that they were never conquered, but that they still retain their old Norman laws and privileges. The book has an historic foundation in the invasion of Jersey and in some of the lurid scenes of the French Revolution. It has had the distinction of running in serial form through two leading periodicals, the American and English *Atlantic Monthly*, and *Good Words* magazine, and in the latter was very sumptuously illustrated.

The Red Axe. By S. R. CROCKETT. With Illustrations by FRANK RICHARDS. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. William Briggs. Price, $1.50.

In this book the author leaves his native heath for a German robber stronghold of three hundred years ago. It is a grim and dour tale of feudal oppression and fierce fighting, relieved by a tender vein of pathos and romance. It has all the vivid description and stirring adventure for which the author is famed.

WATCH NIGHT.

With prayer and song we wait to hear
The solemn midnight bell at last;
When the dim shadows of the year
Forever fade into the Past.

Night watchers at Life's midnight drear
With chaunt and vigil also wait
The bell that none but they shall hear,
And Sleep's last message to forget.

Alas, and we who watch to-night
The old year pass where all have fled,
Shall watch ere long the paling light
When Life is measured with the dead!

So somewhere amid circling stars,
A shining group with looks sublime,
Gaze calmly down the universe
And calmly wait the end of Time.

—*Ezra H. Stafford, M.D.*